THE NEW
STATESMAN AND NATION
The Week-end Review

Vol. XLVIII. No. 1224 [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1954 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] NINEPENCE

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Mission to the Forbidden City

BRAVING the wrath of Hector McNeil, the alarm of the *New York Times*, and the threats of Congressmen, the Labour Party delegation has allowed itself to be sumptuously entertained in Moscow and Peking. In the intervals between formal speeches of congratulation, its leading members have rightly taken the opportunity of long confidential talks with Malenkov, Molotov, Chou En-lai, and other spokesmen of the Communist half of the world.

The critics are, of course, right in seeing that such a goodwill mission has more than ceremonial importance. It reminds the world of the widespread support in Britain, especially in the Labour Party, for Sir Winston Churchill's proposal for top-level conversations. Whatever other disunities have appeared in the Labour Party, there has been something like unanimity in wishing to bring China into the U.N. Those who have throughout appealed for peace with China and disapproved the resolution condemning China as an aggressor have proved true interpreters of Labour opinion. It was a local Party resolution at the last Annual Conference, demanding that a goodwill mission be sent to China, that led to the Executive's proposal and its eventual acceptance of Peking's invitation after the Geneva agreement. The Executive was well aware that it would receive a dusty answer from the Annual Conference next month if it did not seize this opportunity to visit the forbidden cities of Moscow and Peking.

There are, of course, dangers in such political junketings. It takes training in Marxism and international politics generally to distinguish between what is meant and what is polite humbug when a Communist country switches its line of propaganda. It is also of the first importance that the able rulers of Russia and China should correctly estimate the significance of the visit.

The Chinese know that they made a grave error in lumping together Britain and America as enemies. It was owing to pressure of the British business world that the British Government has succeeded in Washington in drastically revising the list of goods which may be exported from Britain to countries behind the Iron Curtain. At Geneva, Chou discovered how great an error People's China had made in not accepting British recognition of revolutionary Peking as sincere, and refusing to send an ambassador to London. He now sees that however strongly some aspects of Chinese policy are criticised—not least in the democratic atmosphere of the Labour Party—no one in Britain wishes to deny China her chance of peaceful development. Peking has also discovered that official British policy regards the intransigence of Washington as unrealistic and dangerous, while everyone here agrees with the early statements of Mr. Truman and Mr. Acheson that the position of Formosa is anomalous, and sympathises with Peking's desire to round off its revolution by ejecting Chiang Kai-shek and the Kuomintang rump which constantly threatens war and conducts harassing operations against Southern China.

Having said so much we have no doubt that informed members of the delegation, like Mr. Attlee and Mr. Bevan, will take the opportunity of making clear to Chou En-lai the dangers of any forcible action—if the use of force is really contemplated—to regain Formosa. The American argument is that the Indo-China settlement was a "Munich"; this view would be confirmed if China, having won one victory by negotiation, were to assume that the time was ripe for a further victory by force. The situation today is that the British are well aware that world war would destroy them; they passionately desire "co-existence," and will do everything within their power to persuade the Americans to a similar realism. But if China were to take advantage of her improved position to start aggressive action in South-East Asia, the reaction in Britain—and especially in the Labour Party, which has throughout stood by China—would be as sour and dangerous as the British reaction when Munich was

followed by the occupation of Prague. In that case, inevitably, the British, who are now doing all they can to restrain the wild men in Washington, and to co-operate with India in creating a calmer atmosphere in the Pacific, would be again drawn in behind the "tough" American line. If the Labour leaders can explain this complex truth to the Chinese, while building up a greater fund of goodwill in the forbidden city, their mission will be abundantly justified.

Some Kind of Seato?

Only Pakistan among the Colombo Powers will take part in the conversations in the Philippines. Even in Manila itself Señor Recto, the Chairman of the Senate National Defence Committee and a leading expert on foreign affairs, is now urging that the Philippinos would do better to rely on their defence treaty with the U.S. than to complicate their commitments by sharing in a Western treaty which has no support among Asian nations except Siam. The dangers of a Far Eastern Nato are indeed obvious. The United Nations already provides for assistance against military aggression, and it is significant that in this country responsible newspapers like *The Times* and *Manchester Guardian* unite in pointing out, when discussing the Philippine Conference, that the threat of Chinese Communism in Asia cannot be effectively combated by military force. The chief danger is that a treaty and organisation such as the Americans favour for the Far East is likely to be a trap, obliging the Western world to attempt to bolster up by military measures regimes which by any conceivable modern standard should long ago have disappeared. No one who knows anything of the extravagant corruption and inefficiency of the present Siamese Government could possibly wish Britain to run the slightest risk of war in defence of them. Yet in a country where there is a large Chinese minority and a Communist-led "Free Thai" movement, overlapping frontiers in the North, any movement to overthrow the *status quo* is likely to be denounced in Washington as an example of "Communist aggression." No wonder that India and other Asian Powers see the Seato treaty primarily as an aggressive organisation against all change in Asia, and that the British Government fears that its principal result may be to strengthen the appeal of Chinese Communism in Asia.

Goan Talks

Last Sunday's non-violent events in Goa have helped to pave the way for negotiations. The credit belongs both to Nehru, who prevented any incursion of non-Goans, and to the Portuguese Governor-General of Goa, who withdrew his troops and armed police from the frontier. In a speech reminiscent of those which Gandhi made when the National Congress of Goans was formed in 1946, Nehru urged the Indian press to deal with the Goan problem "so as not to encourage sensationalism or any attempt at violence, because our advice to our people as well as to Goans is to proceed peacefully and non-violently." And he reminded the All-India Newspaper Editors' Conference that in the case of French settlements in India a non-violent policy had already, "by a large measure of civilised dealings on both sides," helped to create an atmosphere in which an early solution was likely. Can Dr. Salazar now be persuaded to cease talking in obsolete terms of a military defence of colonialism? In the latest exchange of Notes he has admitted that Portuguese settlements are not viable without India's goodwill, and that he will discuss such problems as smuggling—which, already on a large scale, has recently been increased by Bombay's prohibition of alcohol. But it is nonsense for his Foreign Minister to talk about "Indian aggression," and to pretend that Goan nationalism is the work of a few Indian "mercenaries." Though strict censorship and the absence of political freedom has, so far obscured the strength of nationalism in this backward colonial outpost, there can be little doubt that the people as a whole, both Catholic and Hindu, see their future in participation in the life of the great nation which surrounds them, and of which, culturally and economically, they are necessarily a part.

Mendès-France at Brussels

As we go to press the Ministers of the five other E.D.C. countries are assembling in Brussels to discuss the amendments to the Treaty proposed by M. Mendès-France. They all know that, unless agreement can be reached this week-end, the last chance of ratification by the French Assembly will have disappeared. They also know that the French amendments are far more drastic than anyone anticipated, and have deeply disturbed London and Washington. M. Mendès-France proposes that all the federal features of E.D.C. should be weakened: in particular the nine supra-national Commissioners are for eight years to be divested of their supra-nationalism, and act as delegates of their governments. M. Mendès-France obviously desires to win the support of the Gaullists and of those Radicals whose chief objection to the Treaty was the diminution of French sovereignty it involved. But in doing so he may well alienate the Federalists, who were the Treaty's main protagonists in Belgium, Holland and Italy. Moreover, Dr. Adenauer himself attaches the greatest importance to the development of a West European Federation as a curb on the nationalism of some members of his Cabinet. There will be some very hard words spoken in Brussels; and even if an agreement is patched up, the French Prime Minister may well in the process lose the support of M. Guy Mollet and his half of the Socialist party. The fact is that E.D.C. was a "packet" whose contents M. Mendès-France could not shuffle without losing as much support as he gained. Having succeeded far beyond expectation in his handling of Indo-China and Tunisia, it looks as though he is failing here as egregiously as his predecessors—and for the same reason. There is no clever way of escaping from the dilemma of German rearmament. Either federal safeguards are imposed, which limit French as well as German sovereignty; or else France frees herself from those safeguards at the cost of freeing the Germans, too.

Subsidy or Strike?

It was possible to foretell with certainty that the railway negotiations would once again end in deadlock. With the best will in the world, the Railway Executive cannot grant wage concessions which can only be paid by another increase in fares and a further decrease in revenue. With the best will in the world, the Unions cannot accept a wage structure which leaves their members with earnings far below those of comparable workers in other industries. When nationalisation was carried out two fatal mistakes were made. First, the railways had to carry the whole burden of compensation as a first charge; secondly, their chance of regaining a substantial amount of freight traffic from the roads was jeopardised by the surrender on C licences. Since the Tories came to power the situation has been made still worse by the denationalisation of road haulage, the only really profitable part of the transport industry. Now there is only one remedy left. If the Railway Executive is to keep fares steady and at the same time make a fair offer to the men and undertake the bare minimum of essential re-equipment, the Government must decide to bridge the gap between revenue and expenditure by a subsidy. As we have frequently pointed out, such a subsidy could take several forms. The Government could seek to assess the cost to the railways of the expenditures imposed by strategic requirements and of the economies which these requirements prevent them making. Alternatively, it could resume responsibility for the permanent way as it does for the trunk roads; or, finally, it could work out a system of deficiency payments such as have already been conceded to the farmers. It would be outrageous to do nothing and leave the Executives and the Unions an impossible task; in that case, when arbitration failed, the result would surely be a large-scale and legitimate railway strike.

Outlawing the U.S. Communists

The proposal to outlaw the American Communist Party came from Democratic Senators, in an end-of-session manœuvre designed to show the electors that they could be as sternly anti-Communist as the Republicans. But the Bill passed by the Senate last week went too far, as the White House quickly realised. By making mere membership a crime punishable by heavy sentences, the measure probably became an unconstitutional bill of attainder; it also made nonsense of the clauses in the McCarran Act, which require Communists to register, since they could then refuse thus to incriminate themselves. Moreover, as Mr. Hoover pointed out very forcibly, it would be far harder for the F.B.I. to supervise the Communists if every one of them was driven underground. The President—who had only asked Congress to pass a Bill depriving Communist-led trade unions of their collective bargaining and arbitration rights—then gave his blessing to the Bill sponsored in the House by Mr. Halleck, the Republican leader. This Bill, passed on Monday by 305 votes to two, denied the Communist Party any rights. Though it did not make individual members any more liable to prosecution than they are now under the Smith

Act, the C.P. would not be permitted to collect subscriptions, sue in the courts or put up election candidates. This proposal had the same effect as the Senate Bill, but it did not raise the constitutional issue in the same way, since it made Communists liable to indictment for "doing" something to promote the C.P., not merely for "being" members of it. Then, surprisingly, the Senate added its original "mere membership" clause to the House Bill. Returned to the House, the amended version was then approved, appropriately enough, on the motion of Martin Dies. The question now is whether the President will veto a Bill he considers unworkable and unconstitutional.

BONN

Dr. John and E.D.C.

A Correspondent in Germany writes: Although Dr. John's presence in East Berlin largely invalidates his political appeal in Germany, his calmness at his press conference, and some of the material that he produced, have made a considerable impression upon West Germans. His most telling point was his assertion that there are secret additional agreements to the E.D.C. Treaties. This matter has now entered into the field of serious politics because of the steps taken by the Socialist parliamentary group. This has demanded the recall of Parliament for a special session, has put down a motion of censure against the Minister of the Interior, who is a former member of the Nazi Party and a former *Sturmfuehrer* of the S.A., and has placed a number of questions on the John case on the order paper. One of these questions asks: "Are there any secret agreements between the E.D.C. Powers concerning the co-operation of political intelligence departments?"

There has been a lot of speculation in Bonn and in Berlin as to the nature of these secret additional agreements. Dr. Sigurd Paulsen, writing in the independent and respected *Bonner Aussenpolitische Korrespondenz*, suggests "that these secret agreements are most probably not concerned with military matters. There is reason to believe that they deal with plans for police supervision of the population of Western Germany after the start of remilitarisation." Dr. Paulsen proceeds to point out the grave dangers to civil liberty that are involved in such plans. If Germany were to remain divided, and if both halves of Germany were to be re-armed by mutually hostile Powers—then, indeed, almost any political attempt to cross the border might be interpreted as political high treason. These are some of the fears that have been aroused in the minds of many liberal and democratic Germans.

No decision has yet been taken as to when Parliament is to be recalled, and all sorts of reasons are advanced to justify the delay. The real reason seems to be the Government's fear that the Bonn debate on the John case might have an unfortunate effect upon the E.D.C. debate in Paris. The Adenauer Government's position in the debate will not be improved by the fact that Herr Schroeder, the Minister of the Interior, has chosen this moment to go on leave. His Ministry is being looked after during his absence by Minister without Portfolio Kraft, who is a former officer of the SS. There is considerable criticism in Bonn against leaving the Home Office in the hands of an ex-SS. officer just two days after Dr. John's assertion "that Bonn is full of Nazis."

Next to the problem of the special session the Government is, of course, preoccupied with the French proposals for an amended form of E.D.C. It is thought that Dr. Adenauer will be prepared to make some concessions to the French point of view in order to save some form of E.D.C. His Right-wing coalition partners, the F.D.P., the D.P. and the All-German Block, may find it more difficult than the Chancellor to swallow some of the French amendments. These three parties have recently developed a more violent and nationalistic tone; Dr. Adenauer is bound to have his difficulties with them as well as in his own party.

NEW YORK

Going Up—or Down?

Our American Correspondent writes: President Eisenhower's flat assertion that the recent downturn in U.S. business activity has ended comes only two weeks after the Secretary of Commerce, Sinclair Weeks, announced that the Administration was all set to "nudge" the economy a little harder in the coming months. There is some conflict between these two statements: if the recession is over, it can hardly be necessary to get ready to prime the pump. Verbally, of course, the Administration has to be optimistic, even if behind the scenes it is standing by with stimulants for the economy. Public officials have the delicate task of maintaining business expectations. The very act of preparing contra-cyclical measures could so worry businessmen about the future that they behave in such a way as to make such measures necessary.

The President's statement on the economy, published last week, replaces the usual mid-year report by the Council of Economic Advisers. It thus lacks the technical authority of the legally established top group of experts. In fact, Arthur F. Burns, the chairman of the Council, is specifically dissociated from the statement. There has been much conjecture as to why this is so. It is being said here that Professor Burns was unwilling to put his technical non-partisan weight behind a document destined to be used for electoral purposes. The President not only says the decline has halted, but he also uses a dazzling display of statistics to prove that the decline was very small in any case. And, by replacing 1953 by 1952 as a year for comparison, he is able to show that the first half of this year has not been bad at all. Therefore, he continues, since 1952 was at the time the best year to date and the last year of Democratic Administration, the Republicans have been doing better than anybody else.

The Democrat's counter-blast will be based on Eisenhower's weakest links—the figures for the gross national product and for employment. The gross national product—the value of the nation's total output of commodities and services—is down by 2.7 per cent. as compared with the first half of 1953. Non-agricultural employment is down by 2.6 per cent. over the same period. In reply to the President's comment that these declines are moderate, his critics assert that a healthy economy should show uninterrupted progress, not a decline of *any* degree. Since the country's resources, both human and material, are constantly increasing, so should total output, they say. The increase in population, and therefore in the labour force, and the cumulative effect of advances in technology, are such that the full utilisation of resources would lead to an increase in the national product in this country of about 5 or 6 per cent. each year. It is against this hoped-for trend that actual figures should be assessed rather than against those for previous years. And by these standards, the Democrats say, the present Administration's record does not look so good.

PARIS

The "Crimes" of the M.R.P.

A Correspondent in France writes: For the first time since the apotheosis of de Gaulle in 1944, the French people have the rare and happy feeling of having a man at their head with immense personal and political value. The contrast of Mendès-France with the *immobilisme* and the cypher-personalities of the Fourth Republic is so sharp that, coming after the shocks of Dien Bien Phu and the terrorism in North Africa, it is making people ask bitter questions about the policies of the "old" politicians, and especially about the conduct of the M.R.P. leaders.

The "crimes" of the M.R.P. in both Indo-China and North Africa, indeed, have been such that it is scarcely a joke now that some ultra-Mendesistes have started to demand a sort of "War Crimes Committee" which would show up the incredible blunders of which, year after year, Coste-Floret, Letourneau, Maurice Schumann, and Bidault in particular have been guilty. A part of the press is even demanding that a "dossier" be published to show how Bidault, supported by Admiral Radford and (perhaps less emphatically) by Dulles, did his utmost to involve the Americans—and the rest of us—in war over Indo-China last April and May.

When Maurice Schumann, who, as Number Two at the Quai d'Orsay, considered himself there as much a permanent M.R.P. fixture as Bidault (or Schuman), drew up his famous memo, together with the leaders of the North African Lobby, on December 15, 1951, in reply to the reasonable proposals of the Ch'nik Government, he knew (or should have known) that he was opening an era of unrest and bloodshed in Tunisia. Similarly, when in August, 1953, Bidault encouraged the Glaoui and the *colons* of Morocco to overthrow the Sultan he should have known that he was scrapping the possibility of any peaceful settlement in Morocco. In the case of Indo-China, the M.R.P. are also the chief culprits, though here the situation was a little more complicated, and the responsibilities a little more divided. The war in Indo-China began under the short-lived administration of Léon Blum, and it was his Minister of Colonies, Marius Moutet, who ranks among those who refused to end the war when it could so easily have been done on terms infinitely more favourable to France than those which Mendès-France secured at Geneva.

In short, Mendès-France's task was a more than unenviable one: what he was faced with from the start, when he first formed his Government, was the infernal task of repairing the errors—often ten years of errors—of the men who had run France's colonial affairs. One thing is certain: the moment Mendès-France took over, public opinion in France was profoundly in his favour. Having recently spent several weeks in provincial France, I can testify that I have never heard anyone say that he wished someone else than Mendès-France were in office just now. If a plebiscite were held in France to-day, it is certain that the vast majority of the people would want Mendès-France to stay on, and to continue to "mend the errors" accumulated by others over the last ten years. But will Parliament allow it? Long before the war, Charles Maurras created the famous distinction between *le pays légal* and *le pays réel*. Almost throughout the Fourth Republic, Parliament has tended to ignore the *pays réel*—or the war in Indo-China, for instance, would never have lasted eight years. Mendès-France represents in this sense *le pays réel*, and what his opponents in Parliament are, above all, waiting for is a decline in his present immense popularity.

The Party Oligarchies

How can the flight from Socialism, whose causes I tried to analyse last week, be halted? How can the thoughtful elector be persuaded that further extensions of public ownership and centralised State activity will not lead us into the New Despotism? That is the real challenge which the Labour Party faces today.

An adequate response to this challenge is impossible without a revolution in socialist thinking. Since the war our aims have been exclusively social and economic—to raise living standards, to increase productivity, to build the Welfare State. We must now realise that any further advance to democratic Socialism is out of the question unless we face and resolve the constitutional problem of preserving liberty in the modern centralised State.

To realise the extent of the mental revolution required, one has only to compare two recently published studies of Parliamentary democracy—the first by the Deputy Leader of the Opposition, the second by a detached but extremely friendly French observer, Professor Duverger. Mr. Morrison reaches the happy conclusion that our system is working admirably. M. Duverger (*Political Parties*, Methuen, 30s.), on the other hand, sums up as follows:

> Officially Great Britain has a Parliamentary system, that is a system with modified separation of powers. . . . In practice, the existence of a majority governing party transforms this constitutional pattern from top to bottom. The Party holds in its own hands the essential prerogative of the Legislature and the Executive. Government posts are in the hands of its leaders, who apply its doctrine and its programme . . . Parliament and Government are like two machines driven by the same motor, the Party. The regime is not so very different, in this respect, from the single party system. Executive and Legislature, Government and Parliament, are constitutional facades: in reality the Party alone exercises power.

Professor Duverger has summarised in precise terms changes which Mr. Morrison prefers to gloss over. The development of the managerial society which is the characteristic of the twentieth century has not left Parliament unaffected. Of course, the elector still preserves the right to substitute one Party government for another. Of course, we can still be proud of Question time and of the work of the Public Accounts and Estimates committees, and can still claim that any government must remain genuinely sensitive to the climate of Parliamentary opinion. But the fact remains that, in a period when power is being concentrated in fewer and fewer hands—and the need for democratic control of government has correspondingly increased—Parliamentary control of the Executive is actually decreasing.

(1) *The responsibility of the individual Member.* In the nineteenth century the Member was genuinely responsible to his constituents, and could freely express their dissatisfactions; and it was this that made the Commons the most important check on the Executive. Now the prime responsibility of the Member is no longer to the elector but to the Party. Without accepting the discipline of the Party, he cannot be elected; and, if he defies that discipline, he risks political death. Even forty years ago it was still possible to cross the floor and survive. Today, the Member who loses the Whip may win the next election, but after that the Party machine will destroy him. No wonder the modern M.P. accepts the precept that the test of his loyalty —now the prime political virtue—is his readiness to support the official leadership when he knows it to be wrong!

There are two important results of this change. First, the point of decision on any important issue has now been removed from the Division Lobby to the vote at the Party meeting upstairs. As a result, it is the debate in the Party meeting which is really important —though the public can only hear about it through "leaks." Secondly, the principle of Cabinet responsibility to Parliament is being undermined. In practice, modern Governments are responsible not to Parliament but to the Party which put them in power.

(2) *Collective Cabinet responsibility.* This, too, is being whittled away. Theoretically, the Cabinet is still collectively responsible for Government policy. Actually, more and more major decisions are reached by such bodies as the Defence Committee or even by the Prime Minister and one or two intimates—and then reported to the full Cabinet as *faits accomplis*. Here again, the point of decision is moving from the constitutional body (the Cabinet) to the "extra-constitutional" Party oligarchy.

(3) *Ministerial responsibility.* So long as Parties were little more than local caucuses, this was a real check on bureaucratic incompetence or despotism. If Departments were bad, Ministers could be sacked; if Ministers disagreed with their colleagues, they could resign without losing caste. Now both resignations on principle and dismissals for incompetence have become rare. Indeed, the incompetent Minister, with a departmental muddle to cover up, may be kept in office for years; and the louder the demand for his dismissal, the more loyally the Party oligarchy will usually support him, rightly calculating that more votes will be lost in a general election by admitting incompetence than by dealing with it. The really significant fact about the Crichel Down affair was that a back-bench revolt was required to bring a grossly incompetent Minister down.

Professor Duverger shows that the motive force which caused this transformation of our Parliamentary institutions was the demand for working-class representation at Westminster. In order to break down the walls of social oligarchy which surrounded Parliament, a battering ram was required. The Labour Party's structure was determined by three conditions. First, it had to have very large funds at its disposal; hence the reliance on trade union financing, which led to the sponsoring (or, to put it frankly, the purchase) of pocket Labour boroughs. Secondly, it must have militants—politically conscious Socialists to do the work in the constituencies. But since these militants tended to be "extremists," it must contrive a constitution which left them permanently in a minority. Hence the block vote. Thirdly, it must enforce a severe discipline in order to prevent the break-aways which could be exploited by the defenders of the *status quo*; hence the intolerance of minorities.

Now that the ramparts have been breached, this discipline has been tightened still further. Even more significant, the Tory Party is being compelled to copy it. Since 1945, Mr. Butler has been transforming an old-fashioned caucus with old-fashioned electoral machinery into a modern, disciplined, mass Party, and we can already watch the emergence of Tory militants in conflict with the traditional leadership.

Professor Duverger provides plenty of evidence to show that the modern mass party must always tend to degenerate into an ageing oligarchy; to water down its principles and to confine itself to serving the interests which finance it. There is a Gresham's Law of democratic politics which runs "political principle is always corrupted by office or the prospect of office." Hence the tendency of all mass parties to drift towards the Centre.

I believe that we shall not get a revival of Socialism until we recognise that this law has been operating in Britain since 1945 and take steps to counteract it. But what steps? Can we revive the old system of strong Parliaments and weak parties? The answer, surely, is no. That system was based on a limited franchise, and only worked so long as Parliament had none of the responsibilities of the Welfare State. The modern democratic State and, even more, the Socialist State, requires a strong central government; and a modern mass electorate, subject to the influence of centralised press, radio and television, can only be mobilised by strong centralised parties. I am driven to the conclusion, therefore, that democratic control of the modern State can only be achieved through democratic control of the parties themselves. Since the transfer of power from Parliament to the Parties is irreversible, our main job is to make sure that they do not degenerate into oligarchies.

There are three ways in which this can be done. (1) The educated elector must realise that the constitution and procedures of the Parties are now as important a part of our unwritten constitution as the constitution and procedures of Parliament itself. How the Tory and Labour Parties obtain their funds, how they formulate their programmes, how they discipline their membership, is no longer a domestic matter for the parties themselves. On the contrary, it vitally affects the working of Parliament and the individual liberties of the subject. It is high time that schoolchildren were taught, not how representative government worked fifty years ago, but how it works today, were told how parties operate and were warned that Parliamentary democracy is impossible without real democracy inside them. If this were taught in the schools, we should get fewer liberal-minded people complaining about the new despotism—from outside the Parties. That despotism can only be defeated by independent-minded people working inside.

(2) How far the Party oligarchies can go in abusing the immense powers they wield depends very largely on the climate of public

opinion, and, in particular, on the attitude of the press and the B.B.C. If the resignation of a Minister on a point of principle is universally denounced as a "failure of team spirit"; if Party edicts, forbidding a minority any group activities on pain of expulsion, find general approval; if politics are personalised into a choice between two leaders and any challenge to this leadership denigrated as ambitious scheming—then Gresham's Law will operate and the two-party system will ossify into the alternating dictatorship of safe mediocrities.

Recently we have witnessed, in both the Parties, a series of challenges to the official leadership. Conservative and Socialist politicians have risked at the least the forfeiture of office, and at the most expulsion, in order to defend ideas in which they believe. While the public debate between the two official leaderships has frequently become shadow boxing, the secret debates in the Party meetings and outside Parliament in the constituency executives, has been more vigorous and purposeful than for many years. Yet this is not the impression which anyone would get from reading the press or listening to the B.B.C. By recognising that unfettered debate and the democratic struggle for power inside the Parties is vital to the liberties of every citizen, the press and the B.B.C. could do a great deal to defend us against the New Despotism.

(3) Finally, I have to state my conviction that we shall not regain the enthusiasm of the educated elector for Socialism until we Socialists oppose *all* irresponsible aggregations of power. Not only I.C.I., but the Coal Board, the T. & G.W., and, above all, the Labour Party itself are incipient oligarchies. It is no unusual thing for the institutions which achieve an expansion of freedom in one generation to become vested interests in the next, and this is precisely the disease from which Socialism suffers today.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

London Diary

"So you admit it. You haven't even bothered to read the text of the Treaty." The Labour M.P., a staunch supporter of Mr. Morrison, uttered the words in a tone of triumph. We had been discussing German rearmament and, as so often happens when E.D.C. comes up, we had disagreed furiously on what the Treaty actually says. He asserted that it contains clauses which tie the Germans up so tightly that they could not break away and build a national army. I said there was nothing which could in any way stop the Germans walking out the day after it was signed, and it was at this point that he made the accusation. He rightly said that I had never read through the actual text—132 clauses and a collection of protocols—which he claimed so vehemently to have studied. Rather humbled, I began to make inquiries and discovered the following curious history. The E.D.C. Treaty was signed along with the Bonn agreement in the Spring of 1952. From that moment began the debate in Parliament and the press which is still going on. But for more than twelve months no copy of the Treaty was available in London. Just under a year ago Chatham House did get an unofficial translation, and some months later the indomitable William Warbey succeeded, after weeks, in ensuring that another was placed in the Library of the House of Commons. Now there exists a White Paper with the full text. But it is clear that all of us, politicians, editors and experts, made up our minds on the merits of the E.D.C. Treaty before we had seen it! No wonder the French are so angry with those Englishmen who jump to the conclusion that French objections to E.D.C. are unreasonable without bothering to find out what obligations the countries which participate must assume. One final point. Though I had not read the text, whereas my friend claimed to have done so, I was right on the point in dispute. There is nothing in the E.D.C. Treaty to prevent the Bonn Government walking out at any time. The only safeguards against this happening (and they are not very strong) are in the Bonn Agreements.

* * *

I sympathise strongly with the leading article in the *Economist* last week, instructing Labour delegates about the questions they should ask in Peking. Somebody, clearly, must have combed the Chinese press for admissions of trouble of one sort and another; the editor of the *Economist* very properly urges that these should be thoroughly probed. The lesson is of general application; we all see how easy it is to leave a foreign country, numbed and exalted by the kindness of our hosts, the gracious respect paid to our views by Foreign Ministers and Heads of State, and the warm atmosphere engendered by frank, off-the-record talk, good food and better drink. Mr. Geoffrey Crowther is, no doubt, well aware of this danger when he pays his periodic visits to Washington. I could provide him, if it were necessary, with a long list of questions to ask on his next visit. He will begin, I am sure, by testing the freedom of the visitor by insisting on his right of access to Oak Ridge, and he will ask for a permit to visit political prisoners. He will, no doubt, conduct a strict inquiry in the State Department about the reasons for the disappearance of officials in the recent purge, discover their whereabouts, and personally check with them the accuracy of the accounts given him in Washington. After that, he will interview Mr. Owen Lattimore and other displaced professors about academic freedom in the Universities, and he will visit President Eisenhower in his golfing dasha at Augusta, and go thoroughly into the whole question of the private corporations' threat to T.V.A. with the President and his twosome partner, Mr. Bobby Jones. I take it for granted that he has already taken a census of anti-capitalist films and plays now on Broadway, and that he will call on Mrs. Shipley at the State Department to ascertain whether she is fulfilling her norm of passport withdrawals.

* * *

I can well understand why Cambridge people are so angry about the new plan that Mr. Macmillan is trying to ram down their narrow streets. Practically everyone in Cambridge, with the exception of Mr. Willink, the Master of Magdalene and present Vice-Chancellor, opposes it. Who wants a spine-relief road starting from the Castle, swinging through the back of Jesus, interrupted by Christ's Piece and coming out on the road to the Gogs? (Since it could not go through Christ's Piece, it would not even give a clear run and would have to angle its way through crowded streets after all.) There is a perfectly good by-pass already, starting by Fen Causeway, running round the Backs and coming out at the foot of Castle Hill. The only trouble is that people won't use it. They like to come into the town, to do their shopping and show off their skill in evading cyclists. Of course parking is a problem and should not be permitted anywhere in the streets of the "precinct." But wouldn't more parking space be a better solution than an expensive road that won't be used, just because people want to go into the nicest town in England, not around it?

* * *

Travellers send me oddly contrasting accounts of airports on this and the other side of the Iron Curtain. One of them declares that the Shetland ponies amongst the Stratocruisers have made London Airport's new public enclosure one of the oddest places on earth. One part of it contains a fun fair, complete with ponies, miniature railway and dodgem cars. The young prefer the old-fashioned transport. Fathers gaze at distant aircraft with fixed attention and talk to each other about brake horse-power and booster pumps while mothers marshal their children for the lavatory and for rides on the ponies. When the B.O.A.C. voice announces over the loudspeakers that a Bangkok-bound Constellation is about to taxi on to the marshalling apron, the men gather tensely by the railings and the children rush for the driver's seats on the model railway. As the aircraft roars up the runway, boys and girls clang the silver bells on the toy engines. Perhaps aviation will at last pay its way with the help of the horse and the steam-engine. Might not London Transport run horse-buses with profit and the taxi companies offer us radio hansom-cabs?

* * *

During many dreary hours in airport lounges, waiting for the weather to clear or for overdue connections, I've often wondered why airlines don't provide some sensible means of passing the time. I now learn from a friend, who recently had a five-hour wait at Prague, that there is an excellent little cinema next to the waiting room. You simply walk in—admission is free—and sit down. Projection begins as soon as anyone enters, even if there is only one person in the audience, and my friend tells me that the programme of shorts and cartoons hadn't finished when he left more than two hours later. Very sensibly, the seats are double-spaced, so that people can walk in and out without pushing and toe-treading, and beside each seat there is a small space to put hand-luggage. When the designs for the remainder of London Airport are drawn up, a similar cinema—and why not a chess room?—would be a fine and not very expensive addition.

* * *

Two weeks ago I asked readers to identify a passage describing "the current situation in America" as "something of a psychiatrical clinic." I have now received two answers; one from Leo Huberman in New York and the other from Mr. Tsuru of Hitotsubashu University in Tokio. It is from an article called *Dementia Præcox* written in 1922 by Thorstein Veblen. It is astonishing how few people read Veblen these days, for he anticipated many criticisms of American business civilisation which are now common usage. Brought up on Spencerian sociology, Veblen did to Spencer what Marx did to Hegel—he took Herbert Spencer's attack on Socialism and inverted it, making it an attack on Capitalism. His *Theory of the Leisure Class* is the best known of his books, but I find his later and, today, less read books more fascinating. For instance, there is that remarkable and still topical book on U.S. universities—*The Higher Learning in America*—which reaches its climax in the description of the University President as a Captain of Education, modelled on the Captain of Industry. Anyone who really wants to know what makes America tick could do very much worse than go back to Veblen.

Overheard at the hairdressers on Tuesday afternoon. "Have you heard the result of the Test Match?" "Yes, Sir. We lost." Pause. "It will encourage the Pakistanis, won't it? What with one thing and another they have been having a bad time. They are not really up to Test Match standards, of course." "No Sir, a very popular result I should say."

CRITIC

CHIN, CHIN

When in Chung-Hua Jen-Min Kung-Ho Kuo
(The People's Republic of China)
Mandarins unroll the red carpet of ceremony
For elegant footsteps of visiting persons
It ill beseems those of deficient understanding
To advertise feeble and decaying faculties
By disparaging this auspicious occasion
In order to propitiate ignorant opinion.

When, received with distinguished politeness,
The visitors, regaled in the Hall of Magnanimity,
Courteously indicate peaceful acquiescence,
While mandarin outlines with delicate allusion,
Inspired Five Principles of amiable coexistence,
None but mischief-makers of low-grade mentality
Think enlightened expressions crafty strategems.

Nor is there ground for unworthy insinuations
That illustrious persons, seduced by entertainment
Of proletarian Oriental magnificence
In style of decadent, anti-social dynasties,
Lose customary enlightened sense of proportion.
Persons educated in Transport House purple pavilions
Keep their heads amid Peking's exotic diversions.

Returning to land of comparative austerity
Honourable delegation will report on progress,
Exhibiting mutual remunerative benefits
Affably achieved through accomplished perseverance.
Only irresponsibles of limited intellect,
Hearing with ears of suspicion, words of sincerity,
Misconstrue visit to rouse objectionable feelings.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Para. 1 (3): Where, under any provision of Part II of these regulations under which a benefit under an enactment other than these regulations is to be deducted from a benefit under these regulations, a lump sum benefit falls to be deducted from an annual benefit or an annual benefit from a lump sum benefit, the deduction shall be of such annual amount or lump sum, as the case may be, as shall be certified by an actuary to correspond to the lump sum benefit or annual benefit which is to be deducted.—*The Local Government Superannuation (Benefits) Regulations*, 1954. (W. H. Perkins.)

Hector McNeil is a member of Parliament who does not yearn for headlines. He is a journalist, and professional experience may well have made him contemptuous of publicity-seekers.—*News Chronicle*. (E. Burchett.)

He says: "That bowler hats appear to be falling out of favour among the supervisory grades on the railway is, in my opinion, as great a tragedy as the closing down of branch lines and other such major questions that are exercising the minds of railwaymen to-day.—*Daily Telegraph*. (Miss A. L. Atkins.)

Mr. A. A. Walter, Assistant Official Receiver, said it seemed pretty clear that the company was well on the rocks by March, 1950. "I have heard from two secretaries of the company that the sheriff's officer was so constantly in attendance that when he died the staff clubbed together and bought him a wreath. There seemed to be some doubt as to whether he was a member of the staff himself."—*Daily Telegraph*. (M. Fower.)

British Policy and the H-Bomb—II

THE first American H-Bomb was exploded at Eniwetok in November, 1952; the first Soviet H-Bomb explosion took place in August, 1953; the second and third American H-Bombs were tested in March, 1954. Shortly afterwards, a number of articles began to appear in the American press purporting to tell something of the scientific and technical story behind the development of the American and Soviet hydrogen bombs. These reports have been widely quoted in the European press, but, as far as I know, no connected account has appeared in Great Britain. Since the story, if true, has important implications in the field of defence planning and of foreign politics, it may be useful to put together as coherent a picture as possible of what seems to have taken place. One difficulty is to know what reliance to put on the various articles; but, failing an official version, they are all we have, and we can only apply the obvious criteria—that the articles must have appeared in journals of high standing, that the technical facts quoted must be consistent with accepted scientific data, and that the facts in them must not have been subsequently denied officially. Indeed the articles in question seem to deserve the name of "inspired leaks." One would need a very detailed knowledge of American politics to attempt to understand why and how the information should be allowed to leak, rather than be officially released. Most of it can only have come from official sources.

To appreciate the story told, it is necessary to bear in mind the distinction between hydrogen (or fusion) bombs and atomic (or fission) bombs. Two fission bombs were dropped at Hiroshima and Nagasaki in August, 1945. The first was made of uranium 235 and the second of plutonium. Uranium 235 is separated from natural uranium by an expensive diffusion method, while plutonium is manufactured out of uranium in an atomic pile, and then separated chemically. Both types of bomb derive their energy from the break-down, or fission, of heavy elements.

The 1945 bombs had an explosive force equivalent to 20,000 tons of T.N.T. exploded in one place, and they produced fairly complete destruction on the ground up to a radius of nearly a mile. Fission bombs have recently been developed with up to fifty times the explosive force of a 1945 bomb. Since the radius of destruction varies as the cube root of the explosive force, such a super-fission bomb will have a radius of destruction of rather less than four miles.

A fission bomb itself consists of some arrangement of pieces of fissile material which are rapidly brought together by means of an ordinary chemical explosive such as T.N.T., so as very suddenly to produce a lump of fissile material of larger size. If this size is more than a certain critical size, a chain reaction starts, and it blows up with the much publicised results. The minimum mass of fissile material to make a fission bomb go off probably lies between a few pounds and a few tens of pounds. Unofficial estimates of the stockpile of American bombs accumulated in the nine years since 1945 suggest some 5,000 to 10,000 bombs, many of which would be much bigger than the 1945 bombs. The present annual rate of production would seem likely to be of the order of 1,000.

The U.S.S.R. exploded the first fission bomb in September, 1949—that is, four years after the first American bomb. There has been speculation as to the present Russian stock-pile and rate of production. Figures of a stock-pile of a few hundred are often suggested in the American press. If, however, the Soviet rate of production in the five years since 1949 has been as fast as that of the first five years of American production, one would expect a Soviet stock-pile of nearer 1,000 by the end of this year.

The general principle underlying the possibility of making a so-called hydrogen (or fusion) bomb has been public knowledge for many years. If two light nuclei are made to fuse with each other to form a heavier nucleus, a large amount of energy is emitted. This is the process which goes on in the centre of the sun and which keeps the sun hot. However, the fusion process requires a very high temperature to initiate it, generally considered to be some tens of millions of degrees. The only way known so far of prpducing such a high temperature is to use the explosion of a fission bomb made from uranium 235 or plutonium. Thus a fusion bomb in its simplest form consists of a fission bomb surrounded by a ton or so of some mixture of light elements. When the fission bomb detonates, the temperature of the light elements is raised sufficiently to start the fusion process, and so releases an immense amount of energy—perhaps a thousand times that of the fission bomb itself.

To go from such simple general principles to a practical bomb is, however, not at all straightforward. For there are many possible combinations of light elements, and different selections will give quite different results and require different temperatures for ignition. Then, when ignition does take place, numerous side-reactions will occur which must make reliable calculations of the expected effects very difficult. Nature herself pointed the only two obvious ways to make simple fission bombs, leaving little scope for man's judgment; but she left open several possible paths to make fusion bombs.

The early part of the story of the H-Bomb is told in great detail by William L. Laurence, the distinguished Science reporter of the *New York Times*, in a book called *The Hell Bomb*, published in 1951. Mr. Laurence has a very high reputation among scientists for his deep understanding of scientific matters. The book, the author tells us, was submitted to the Atomic Energy Commission and no objection was found to its publication on security grounds, though the Commission did not, of course, vouch for its correctness. Writing in 1950, Mr. Laurence gives more details of the possible mechanism of fusion bombs than were, as far as I know, available elsewhere at the time. He discusses—in a way which suggests a detailed knowledge of nuclear physics—the various possible reactions between light nuclei which might be employed to make a fusion bomb. He gives estimates of the ignition temperature of elements and of their probable speed of explosion. He concludes that the most likely method to work would be a mixture of deuterium and tritium, detonated by a plutonium or uranium 235 bomb.

Now deuterium, or doubly heavy hydrogen, can be separated from ordinary hydrogen in various ways, particularly by electrolysis of water. It is a relatively cheap substance costing not more than a million dollars a ton. On the other hand, tritium, or trebly heavy hydrogen, does not occur at all in nature, and has to be made at immense expense in uranium piles. The Savannah River plant was built to make tritium by bombarding lithium 6 (the light isotope of the common metal lithium) in the pile, with an intense flux of neutrons. When a lithium 6 nucleus captures a neutron, an alpha particle and a nucleus of

tritium are produced. The tritium is then extracted from the pile. The great expense of producing tritium can be understood from the fact that a neutron which could be used to make a tritium nucleus could alternatively be used to make a plutonium nucleus. Since plutonium is 80 times as heavy as tritium, one needs effectively to sacrifice 80 kilos of plutonium to make 1 kilo of tritium. Thus tritium must be about the most expensive material in the world—Laurence mentioned the figure of 1,000 million dollars a kilo, but this is probably exaggerated.

Not only is tritium expensive, but it is radioactively unstable, so that half of it disappears every 12 years. Thus if it has to be stored for many years before use its effective cost is still bigger. In addition, tritium emits heat when it decays so making it necessary to remove heat continuously from the bomb. I have not been able to find any statement telling how much tritium is required to make a tritium-deuterium bomb. It might be only a small fraction of the deuterium.

To follow the later course of events we have to turn to the stream of "inspired leaks" which started to appear in the press at the end of March of this year. From these articles we are informed that the first American H-Bomb in November, 1952, was indeed a deuterium-tritium bomb, detonated by either a plutonium or Uranium 235 bomb. Now, owing to the fact that deuterium and tritium are gases under ordinary conditions, they had to be stored under high pressures and at very low temperatures. Thus the bomb had to include complicated pressure vessels and refrigeration plants. In a detailed account in the Science section of *Time* (April 12, 1954), it is suggested that the 1952 hydrogen bomb weighed 65 tons, and thus was much too big and heavy to carry in an aircraft. It was not so much a bomb as a whole laboratory! An official statement put its explosive power as 200 times that of a 1945 atomic bomb.

Then came a surprise development. When the Soviet H-Bomb exploded in August, 1953, special investigation showed that there was a lot of lithium 6 in the upper atmosphere. This was unexpected, as the 1952 American bomb did not contain any lithium 6. American scientists concluded that the Soviet bomb was essentially a lithium 6 deuterium bomb, not a tritium-deuterium bomb. This information was given in considerable detail in the article in *Time* already referred to, in articles by William L. Laurence in the *New York Times*, especially that of April 11, in the *Christian Science Monitor* of April 3, and in many other papers. It was, of course, common knowledge that the light element lithium has two isotopes of mass 6 and 7. By separating out the lighter constituent, which amounts to 8 per cent. of natural lithium, and making a chemical compound of it with deuterium, one obtains a stable chemical compound lithium 6 deuteride. This compound appears to have been the main constituent of the Soviet bomb, apart from the detonator, which was probably an ordinary A-Bomb.

Since little or no tritium is required, and since deuterium is not used in a liquid form, this type of "dry" hydrogen bomb is much smaller and lighter and vastly cheaper than the original American "wet" bomb. The Soviet bomb is held to have been small enough to be dropped from an aircraft. American reports quote Soviet publications which suggest that its explosive power was comparable to the effect of the Siberian meteor of 1908, which destroyed trees up to a radius of 15 miles. This would give this bomb an explosive power of the order of 1,000 times or more that of a 1945 bomb. Of the two American bombs exploded on March 1 and 26, 1954, one or both were probably lithium-6 deuteride bombs, and one or both were dropped from an aircraft. One was stated to have about 700 times the explosive power of a 1945 atomic bomb. Probably the actual functioning of this type of bomb is fairly complex, but an important role, at any rate in the initial stages, is that in which a neutron from the initiating fission bomb is captured by Li_6 to give an alpha-particle and tritium; this latter than combines with deuterium to give an alpha-particle and a neutron. Complex side reactions probably also occur. Thus tritium plays an essential part in the lithium-6 deuteride bomb as it does in the tritium-deuterium bomb. But the tritium is made *in situ* during the explosion instead of previously at vast expense.

The invention of the lithium-6 deuteride bomb has made the H-Bomb cheap.

> The discovery means that any nation with a small supply of A-Bombs may soon be able to use each A-Bomb as a trigger for a thermo-nuclear bomb, thus easily and inexpensively multiplying the power of each A-Bomb a thousand-fold. (*Time*, 12 April, 1954.)

Some public controversy has broken out as to whether America copied the U.S.S.R. or whether the developments were independent but parallel. Clearly they must have been in parallel as the time from August, 1953, to March, 1954, was much too short for America to develop the new method from the start. In any case, there seems nothing in the above account of the functioning of the bombs which does not seem reasonably plausible to a physicist like myself with no specialist knowledge; and I am prepared provisionally to accept the account as substantially true. Very likely, however, the story as told in these articles is incomplete, and it may be that the lithium-6 deuteride bomb is more complicated than is here indicated.

There is, indeed, one report of another supposed Soviet development which, if true, might make hydrogen bombs still cheaper. The source is an article in *The New York Times* of March 31 by Harry Schwartz. The article quotes a "source" as indicating that the 1953 Soviet bomb may have been triggered by a chemical explosion rather than by an A-Bomb. In some other papers the use of a "hollow charge" explosion is mentioned. Schwartz writes: "The Soviet explosion last August is therefore believed to have consisted of three stages, with the initial chemical triggering technique setting off tritium and deuterium, whose explosion in turn sets off the light metal component." However, as I think most physicists would not expect the method to work, I will assume the story incorrect unless further confirmed by other evidence. A common American comment on the position as revealed by this story is that, while the U.S.S.R. may have overtaken the U.S. qualitatively, the U.S. has a bigger manufacturing capacity for H-Bombs and at present a better power of delivery.

It is not of great importance whether the technical details of the new types of H-Bomb, as given in the various articles quoted, are entirely accurate. Probably they are not. But there seems little doubt of the main fact: with the discovery of the lithium 6 deuteride process, H-Bombs have become relatively cheap and easily available to any nation able to make plutonium or Uranium 235. As to the explosion power, we may assume a thousand times that of the 1945 atomic bomb—though bigger bombs could no doubt be built. Such a bomb would lead to complete destruction up to a radius of some ten miles, and so an area of some 300 square miles. This is about the area of Greater London.

P. M. S. BLACKETT

Deep South

(By a Correspondent in Alabama)

PEONAGE is a subtle crime. Legally, it is defined as the use of indebtedness to compel a person to labour. In the Southern States, in spite of remarkable changes in Negro status, it differs so little from the traditional sharecropping arrangement for farm labour that peon and master alike can actually be unaware of their illegal liaison. Illiteracy, isolation and a racial caste system are prerequisites for peonage. They also form high barriers for successful prosecution in the courts, however skilled and sincere the prosecutor. The Civil Rights Section of the Justice Department, at the peak of its concern with the problem, brought only 20 cases to court and secured convictions in only one-half of them during the years 1941-7.

Southern peonage can be benevolent in intention. Suppose Jim, a tenant, goes to town one Saturday, gets a little drunk and lands in jail. Deep South penal code for Negroes is one week's hard labour for such an offence. Late on Sunday afternoon Jim's wife comes to Miz. Blank's back stoop and tells her the trouble. After supper, Mr. Blank gets into his Oldsmobile, cursing, and drives to the jail. "Now look here, you black scoundrel. This is the last time I'm doing this. And if you aren't out there fixing my henhouse roof tomorrow morning, I'll take it out of your hide." That is the benevolent way. Mr. Blank has "bought" Jim's "days." In return for this freedom he demands an amount of labour.

There is another, coldly calculated system of peonage that is the heir of the 1890's, when Mississippi prisoners were assigned to turpentine camps and the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company leased that State's penitentiary to get miners. At a county work-gang a friendly camp boss may call a neighbouring planter when he has a "likely lot." The planter comes over, sizes up the assembled prisoners and propositions those who seem to be good workers. He offers to buy their freedom if they will come and live on his farm and tend a patch of cotton. They can pay him back out of their "share" of the crop. Perhaps the camp boss may help "persuade" some to accept the invitation. The rub is that rent and food are charged to the liberated prisoner—at interest rates sometimes amounting to 10 per cent. a month. These expenses are taken out of the "share" before any money is applied to the original debt. Since the planter both markets the crop and keeps the books, the peon is lucky if he is not deeper "in the red" at season's end than he was at the start.

A more informal, more direct means of recruiting peons lies in the rural Justice of the Peace courts. A planter sees one of his tenants growing restive or else is desirous of obtaining the services of an especially good worker in the neighbourhood. He trumps up charges of some sort against the Negro; the compliant J.P. hands down the maximum sentence permitted his court—then paroles the defendant to the planter. If the victim flatly refuses to work, violence is the simple remedy. "There are some landowners who are humane," a venerable Negro lawyer in Mississippi told me. "They can't bring themselves to be brutal. So if they can't get work out of a man they sell him to someone who can."

Forty-five years ago, this lawyer's first case was the rescue of a runaway tenant's wife and children who were being held as starving hostages by a landlord who alleged that the tenant owed him money. In 1951, in Laurens County, Georgia, a White attorney was beaten up by a sheriff for his part in assisting a family in similar straits. More recently, a terrible series of occur-

rences were reported in an indictment handed down by a Federal grand jury in Birmingham, Alabama, last September. Seven farmers were accused of bringing into "slavery, involuntary servitude and peonage" three Negroes and of kidnapping a fourth. Two of the men were held for four- and six-month periods, respectively, it was stated. One of them, whose $10.25 fine for drunkeness had been paid by the defendants, was twice bound with rope and chain and whipped.

On Christmas Eve, 1951, four of the defendants allegedly forced a Negro farm worker into a truck, took him to a clubhouse, stripped off his pants, bound him, beat him, and turned him loose—for no reason, apparently, except that it was Christmas Eve. The fourth reported victim is dead. On March 28, 1953, the indictment states, Fred Dial, one of the defendants, secured the release of Hubert Thompson from a Lauderdale County, Mississippi, penal camp and put him to work on his farm in neighboring Sumter County, Alabama. Thompson had been sentenced to 90 days and fined $100 plus $20.25 costs for assault and battery. On May 7 he ran away, but was caught by Fred and Oscar Dial, tied to a bale of hay and beaten with a lariat. Not only did the Dials inflict blows, but Negro labourers present were forced, at gunpoint, to join in. Thompson was then carried to one Grant Hopson's house, where, two days later, he died.

The death of Thompson, as such, and the other injuries to persons were beyond the province of the grand jury. It could only bring charges under the existing federal civil-rights statutes—counts which entail maximum penalties of five years in prison and $5,000 fine for each offence. The relevant laws were drawn up in 1866 and their outdated terminology greatly limits their usefulness. The law against slavery has been invoked successfully only once since 1939. But one can imagine the chance revised statutes would have of getting through Congress. The Sumter County solicitor, Marcus McConnell, Jr., who would normally institute criminal proceedings, told the press that he had called for an investigation into Thompson's death. "But," he said, "a State toxicologist found that the Negro died of natural causes"—pneumonia.

Thompson's family were told the same thing, with variations. They received no official notice of his death. A Negro youth who had been paid 50 cents by two "worried and nervous" White men brought the message. At a funeral home in York, Alabama, the undertaker at first denied having Thompson's body. Then he said the body had been found in a stream. A member of the family pointed out that Thompson's clothes, lying in a bundle, were dry. This story was then told them: Thompson had run off from the county penal farm. In fording a stream to elude bloodhounds, he had caught pneumonia and died in a farmhouse. (But Thompson's family had gone to visit him at the prison only a few weeks before and were informed by an official that he had been discharged and his whereabouts were unknown.) Whose house did he die at? The undertaker would not say; he "had to live around here." The family demanded to see Thompson's body. They found it a mass of pulp on the back, with blisters as large as one's finger. On the front of the legs were broad, bruised impressions as if something had been driven over them. The upper legs were livid and distended almost to bursting. A Mississippi police officer who also viewed the body said it looked as if Thompson had been beaten with barbed wire.

Sumter County is in the Alabama "Black Belt," and is fairly typical of the South-wide strip bearing that title. It has a population of about 23,000—three-fourths of whom are Negro. Generations of abuse to the soil have caused beef cattle to replace cotton as the county's chief resource. The shift has lessened the need for field labour and has further oppressed Negro "croppers" and "hands." Although, as one observer wrily phrased it, "every Negro with any get-up-and-go has got up and gone," steady emigration has not been sufficient to curb increasing unemployment. The prevailing rate for Negro field labour is $2 a day, "from sun to sun." Thus one is inclined to accept with a shrug the assertion by a local White that peonage and "rough stuff" are not as common as in former years. Violence of this sort finds its true basis, not in sadism or bigotry, but as a counterweapon to the sole protest the Negro can make: boycott. Caught in an economic squeeze, the Negro now has no choice but to work for the harsh master.

A White newspaper editor in the area described the New Look succinctly enough: "They promise the Negro a dollar and a half a day if he'll sharecrop on their place and work on their crop, too. They let him get his crop planted so he won't run off, then they cut his wages to nothing. They make him beg to work their land for just the bread to put in his mouth; they buy his crop from him—and he gets just enough to 'pay out' on the seed and fertiliser they've sold him on credit."

The question may arise: Are not Sumter County and its ilk only decadent relics, not at all typical of the rest of the South? To some extent, yes. But their potency and prospects of permanence are great. Sumter County's 23,000 souls have two representatives in the Alabama legislature. Jefferson County, which includes Birmingham, with 565,000 people, has only seven. The disproportionate strength of these rural areas becomes all the more fantastic when one considers that Negroes "just don't vote" there. It explains why agriculture is exempted from wage-and-hour and child-labour laws and workman's compensation setups, even though more and more farms are becoming sprawling corporation affairs and more farm workers are tenants and employees.

A courageous White Southerner of proven good will recently became owner of a large farm in Alabama. He saw that one of his Negro tenants lacked glass in the windows of his house. He bought glass and urged the tenant to install it. But, suspicious of any gift, however great the comfort promised, the tenant politely but positively declined. Another tenant repeatedly borrowed a truck to drive to the crossroads store to buy canned collard greens. It was pointed out to him that the greens would grow very easily in his backyard. He agreed, but he could not see the sense of bothering to raise anything but cotton. At baling time the farm owner suggested to the tenants that they place their cotton "on loan" rather than sell it when the market was glutted. But to them, the talk of warehouse receipts scented of trickery. He offered to pay them out of his pocket the present market value of the crop and give them later the additional amount gained when it was actually sold. But one of the more educated tenants advised against this plan, saying that they would be puzzled, and would always be thinking that he had "taken their cotton."

Multiply these small but heart-searing incidents; envisage them in their more commonplace, callous context. Depressing pathos obliges one to avert his eyes from the adult generation and focus on the young. For the current fight for an integrated public school system in the South is decency's main chance. Even if rural Negro children did not get any better formal education than before, the fact of their attending the same school as Whites would do much to dispel the blighting feelings of fear and "difference" that block understanding of their human rights and legitimate objectives. The Black Belt barons are well aware of this threat and will not negotiate their own oblivion at the Supreme Court's bidding. Establishment of democratic schools will require all the pressure and encouragement the nation as a whole can muster. And, lest it be thought that the battle is purely a regional affair, let this coincidence be cited: the citizens of York, Ala., where Hubert Thompson's battered body lay in a funeral home morgue, last year completed a bond issue to build a textile factory which they hoped to persuade some Northern capitalist to operate.

Tree of Liberty?

SINCE the Cold War began, it has been very hard for foreign journalists to work effectively in Eastern Europe. Even if a correspondent got his visa, even if he managed to get beyond Warsaw, or Budapest, or Sofia, even if he spoke or read the language, he found news-gathering difficult. He could see a few show-places, perhaps, comb government statements and newspapers for inferences, pick up a little gossip from Western diplomats; but, apart from the officials whose duty it was to deal with him, he found people either unwilling to talk to him or unable to tell him what he wanted to know. For this reason, what interested me most during my recent visit to Bulgaria was the ease with which I saw whom and what I wished, not merely on an official level. I visited people in their own homes—I spent one day with a family in Sofia, which I selected just because none of its members belonged either to the Party or the Fatherland Front organisation—and I had long discussions about questions that, as one person put it, "not so long ago we scarcely mentioned ourselves, let alone to a foreigner."

"What has changed most in the last year or so?" I asked one Bulgarian soon after I arrived in Sofia. "We have become wiser and more tolerant," he said. "But don't take my word for it. You can find that out for yourself." And my experience certainly confirmed this. Perhaps the most revealing symptom of this new and more relaxed mood—even more than the readiness to raise controversial issues and to invite frank criticism—was the admission that the security agencies had been permitted far too much power, had stifled controversy and made grave errors.

I asked many questions about this. Most of the answers I received laid the blame—in my opinion, rather superficially—upon "stupidity" and "sectarianism." But since I was told that these two faults were also responsible for mistakes, especially of presentation, in foreign policy, I pressed the matter further. "Take our relations with Yugoslavia," was one example I was given. "There were many people who thought our attitude after 1948 was correct, and who did not understand that the continual friction was harming us nearly as much as it harmed the Titoists. We have had to overcome such stupidity and sectarianism. Now we are establishing normal relations, not merely with Belgrade, but with Athens as well."

"But," I said, "as Marxists, you cannot be content with such abstract explanations as individual stupidity." After a few moments' thought, this point was conceded. "It wasn't simply stupidity," I was told. "Part of the trouble was caused by Western agents and sympathisers who had got into leading Party and security posts—as Beria did in the Soviet Union—and whose extremism created difficulties internally and in our relations with other countries. Such people hid themselves most effectively by pretending to be

ultra-Left, by encouraging sectarianism, and by using key security positions to suppress opposition to them. That is what Kostov and his associates were doing here in Bulgaria. They pushed industrialisation so fast that they were straining the economy and the people to breaking point."

I report this conversation because it illustrates the way in which responsible and active Bulgarian Communists are trying to explain to themselves why mistakes were made. It also shows that they take very seriously the new emphasis on "honest criticism." I was asked continually to be frank about my impressions and opinions, sometimes about technical matters such as town planning design, or the service and quality of the goods in the shops. But even more frequently the people I met wanted to know what I thought were the main causes of misunderstanding about Bulgaria, especially among members of the Labour Party. Often they disagreed with my comments, and explained why. But I was genuinely surprised to find how many criticisms were accepted as fair; many times I was told "You are quite right. We are changing that now."

There is no doubt that this new mood is being strongly encouraged. The most striking proof can be found in the report of Premier Chervenkov to the Sixth Party Congress in January this year. This is a remarkable document, in which he calls for an end to "the double fear of criticism"—the fear to be subject to criticism and fear to criticise—and denounces those officials who have "persecuted, dismissed, demoted and intimidated people." There has been too much bureaucracy and unwillingness to listen to warnings and complaints by the people. "Vigilance does not mean suspicion or distrust" or that all who had a bourgeois past should be "indiscriminately considered as enemies." The former "oppositionists" recently released from prison should be given the chance to work without any victimisation for their past record. Too often, Chervenkov said, the personnel departments have superseded management and set themselves up as "intelligence and security organs"; this practice must be quickly eliminated, and such officials must "subordinate themselves to the head of the enterprise and no one else."

The Party organisation also came in for sharp criticism. Chervenkov attacked those who showed too much complacency; both individual officials and committees, he insisted, had concealed errors and distortion of decisions; "most Party committees still violate the principle of collective leadership and base decisions on the opinion of the speaker or first secretary." There had been too many long speeches and parades of self-praise, instead of "free and efficient discussion of questions." Now officials must be judged by what they do, not by their past merits or by their ability to organise conferences and meetings, or write long-winded circulars. There has been too much "slander . . . anonymous information against honest people," and this "dangerous sore in our development should be mercilessly eradicated . . . the devastations and damage caused by slander may become extensive if timely measures are not taken." Finally, the Premier said, something had to be done to improve inner-Party democracy: far too many organisations had been drifting along without giving the members a chance to discuss or debate policy, asking them only to approve decisions, pass resolutions and obey written instructions.

I have summarised this long and fascinating report, not only because it throws a good deal of light on what had gone wrong, but because it also underlines so strongly the changes that are now taking place. And, from all I could gather, it seems that the character of discussion really is changing, and that there is a genuine effort to eradicate the practices the Premier condemned, not least arbitrary arrest and treatment following denunciation. "The sectarians," I was told several times, "have been too security conscious."

How far this new trend is carried will obviously depend as much on world affairs as on the intentions of the Bulgarian Communist leaders. Internal security cannot be relaxed too far unless there is also a decline in international tension. And I am not suggesting that the basic character of the regime is being revised. Yet I have no doubt that some important features of State and Party life, hardest for Western Socialists to understand, are being greatly modified. At least the "New Course" is following a consistent pattern; an attempt to raise living standards, slower and more balanced development of the economy, greater freedom of criticism and debate, the establishment of some kind of "rule of law," and a more conciliatory attitude towards the non-Communist world. If the struggle against the "sectarians" is successful—and it seems to be still continuing—and if there is peace, the second decade of "People's Democracy" in Bulgaria will be much more comfortable and happier than the first. Socialism, as William Morris so well understood, is not only a material question of public ownership and economic planning, of factories and tractors, even of living standards. It is also a matter of human relations, of individual dignity and toleration. During and after a revolution, such intangible values suffer; and if the old regime has been primitive and tyrannical—as in Bulgaria, where democracy was never effectively established after liberation from the Turks—it may be hard to establish them. "The tree of liberty never grew before in our country," one Bulgarian said to me. "Now, in more ways than you may yet realise, we are trying to plant it." If that is true—certainly if the present trend in Bulgaria is followed elsewhere in Eastern Europe—then "co-existence" will not be so hard or uneasy as it has been in the years of the Cold War. It is the "sectarians" on both sides that have made life difficult and relations unnecessarily tense.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

A Writer Came to Our Place

THERE was a note on the desk informing me that Mr. Sumner, journalist, would be arriving during the night. I was to show him around the factory, allowing him to see anything and anyone.

"You'd think," I said to Sid, who shared the room with me and who was resting his feet on the desk, "that I had nothing better to do."

He turned out to be plump, Mr. Sumner, and he wore an expensive grey suit. Over his arm he carried a new pair of overalls. As soon as he was in the room he smiled charmingly at both of us and shook us by the hand. Sid, ironically courteous, offered Sumner his seat and himself sat on a tin can in the corner of the room. Sumner immediately offered cigarettes. We only took one each.

"I hope," Sumner began, "that I am not putting you out at all." He enlarged his smile and looked at us both steadily, in turn. "My idea, basically, is to look at industry from the other side. One has the management's point of view of course. But I want to know," the white, plump hand circling the face, as if he was hypnotising himself, and falling with the italicised word, "how the *worker* feels about industry."

"Shagged," said Sid.

"Most of the time," he added.

Sumner laughed. His laugh like his voice was steady and soft, discreet, establishing mutual sympathy and understanding. He behaved, and looked, like an M.P. for a constituency not to be found around here, in which outward elegance was not the mark of the traitor.

"That is the kind of thing I want," he said.

Above the noise of the cranes as they passed the window we could hear a wail, beginning like one cat in pain but growing until it might have been ten in a variety of agonies. Sumner jumped in his seat and dropped his cigarette. He was going to stamp on it but I picked it up and gave it to him and he put it back in his mouth. The door was kicked open and Lennie, who had been making the noise, came in swearing. Sumner could not hide his astonishment at Lennie's appearance, at the red hair to the shoulders, the lens-less spectacles, the red, six-inch-long nose, the black, heavy moustache.

"Lennie," I said "meet Mr. Sumner, a writer for the papers."

"Thank God," said Lennie, taking his spectacles off. Since the false nose and moustache were attached to them they also came off. He removed the wig. Lennie was grey-haired and solemn-faced; his nose was still abnormally long. "Pardon me," he said to Sumner; "I thought you was one of these fancy managers. No offence."

"Take that other bloody nose off, Lennie," said Sid.

"Some people can't take a joke," said Lennie, taking another false nose off. "Any manganese?" he asked Sid, who was, among other things, responsible for manganese.

"How the hell should I know?" said Sid. He told Lennie to go away. We could hear him make his cat noise as he went.

"You'll have to excuse Lennie," said Sid to Sumner. "He owns too many houses. The rents have gone to his head."

Sumner made a short speech about a property-owning democracy and asked some questions, but I was on the telephone and couldn't follow.

"Let's go down the shanty, my friend," said Sid, "for a cup of tea." He stood up and kicked the tin he'd been sitting on across the room. Sid was very fond of that sort of pointless violence, like throwing the inkstand at the window, hurling chairs against the wall.

We walked on to the stage where a furnace was about to tap. Sumner said he would like to see the operation and so we went behind the furnace, arriving as the leaping, red-hot steel began to flow. Sumner's mouth opened a little. After he had stared for a full minute I told him it was dangerous to stare at the metal without dark glasses. He shut his eyes immediately and looked away.

"Unbelievable," he said. "Unbelievable."

Two hundred tons of metal flowed into the ladle, the sparks flying upwards in the darkness.

"Isn't it dangerous," asked Sumner, his eyes closed, gesturing, "for those men there?"

"Very," said Sid.

"Are there, have there, been accidents?"

"You want the truth?" asked Sid heavily.

"Certainly," said Sumner, seriously, half-opening one eye.

"Not here," said Sid, "but where I once worked five men fell in the ladle."

"Good God," said Sumner. "Did they ever . . ."

"There are motor cars," said Sid "on the roads of Britain, my friend, with bodies in them—in more senses than one."

"How awful," said Sumner. He seemed very upset. I liked Sumner.

Our visitor didn't say a word as we walked the length of the shop to the shanty, a lot of people making obscene gestures to Sid as we passed. Sumner, in his brand-new overalls was obviously being accepted as an engineer of no importance. There were ten people in the shanty. Officially it was called a Rest Room and was made of brick. Everyone, except the Welfare people, called it a shanty. When we went in men put down their copies of *Reveille*, *Weekend Mail* and the most recent and carefully preserved *News Of The World*. The man who was reading Sartre's *Baudelaire* kept on doing so. When I explained who Sumner was, the facile expressions reserved for inspecting directors were removed.

"Have you come to see the Illuminations?" asked Davy, one of the crane-drivers, sarcastically. Davy was politically active and so despised all journalists. He hated the newspapers for their strength in a bad cause, the journalists for their weakness in contributing to that strength.

"Now, now my friend," said Sid. "Don't be rude. Offer us a cup of tea."

We had a cup of tea each, the cups cracked, dirt embedded in the cracks. Sumner handed cigarettes around. He would be remembered as long as cigarettes or these men existed. Someone said that Sumner would go back to London and tell the world that the worker had no right to more money unless there was higher productivity. Sumner argued this out, sipping from his cracked cup, smiling; and then answered a great many questions about the salaries of Fleet Street journalists and the sexual peccadilloes of the theatrical profession. Since this was what he had come for, Sid and I left him there for an hour. When we returned Davy was standing, one foot on a brick, one hand clutching a lapel, and making an angry speech about the firm's profits. Sumner was sitting on the floor, a notebook on his knee, seemingly entranced. When we left he talked about the tenacity with which people clung to outmoded political ideas. He said it came as a surprise to him that these ideas still survived. "One assumes," he said, "wrongly of course, that when a scheme is obviously desirable, that it becomes immediately acceptable to the people it most seriously concerns."

Sid said that Sumner was all wrong thinking he'd learn anything by visiting a factory. The only people interested in anything but the things he, Sid, was interested in (he listed them in one word) were the religious maniacs and the 'sly boys' who found themselves good jobs through trade union work. The political ideas of these people were the same as the ideas of the people in London, except that they were only half-understood. He then started out on his one idea: that the British people were becoming progressively more ignorant. He asked me to name one man cleverer than his father. I suggested himself. "At least," I said, "the police have never caught you."

Sumner obviously wanted to go and began a pretty speech of thanks. But Sid told us both to wait outside the office. He went in and came out quickly—carrying relics of Guy Fawkes' night, a rocket, a catherine wheel and a handful of smaller fireworks. "Watch this," he said. He laid the rocket against a piece of pipe on the floor, pointing it upstage. He lit the fuse and simultaneously lit the other fireworks. The rocket soared away and he threw the other fireworks after it. Sid was dancing and shouting as the furnace-men ran for shelter. "Look at that fool," he screamed, when an elderly first-hand, remembering old explosions threw himself to the ground; he leapt at Sumner and grabbed his arm. "Look at them, the s.o.b.s." He pointed at a man running like the wind shouting "Fire," "Help." The fireworks exploded and spun; men peered out from behind trucks and furnaces. Sid was laughing crazily and then stopped suddenly and stared at Sumner, baring his teeth.

"Have a good time with those actresses," he said, and went back into the office.

W. JOHN MORGAN

Dr. Edith Lifts the Curtain

THE last of the pre-war luxuries to return is with us once more. Everybody has been talking about Diplomacy since the Foreign Secretary found it again at Geneva. No longer is it the preserve of nostalgic old gentlemen who last remembered seeing it when they were third secretaries in Paris in 1919. It has come back with a bang, despite television and massive retaliation. Transport House thought they had killed it for ever when they published *Cards on the Table* (horrible thought) and now that unpredictable Mr. Attlee has resurrected it.

Even the most incurable sceptics like those who doubt Mr. Malenkov's sincerity in proposing the Queen's health at the Villa Gorki must recognise that diplomacy has won a major triumph in Moscow. At that very same dinner Dr. Edith Summerskill wore the perfume "Spirit of the Red Army," which was the generous gift of the Soviet hotel management. In graciously doing so she lifted a corner of the Iron Curtain.

So that's what smart girls in Moscow are wearing this autumn. We could never have found it out in a decade of transmitting identical notes or vetoing each other under the arc lights at the Security Council. Of course, we all know by now that co-existence is inevitable, but Dr. Edith has made it seem tantalisingly desirable.

Anglo-Soviet differences remain, but at least they have been put on a basis we can all understand. Everyone who's ever been a member of the English-Speaking Union knows that even serious upsets in the Anglo-American family can be put right by half an hour's cheerful banter at a Pilgrims' Dinner about braces and suspenders, biscuits and cookies, and a good old let's-forget-it-and-laugh over the Boston Tea Party.

Somehow or other we must try to do the same with the Russians. Let's start at once by telling our Bolshie friends (a term of endearment like Yankee or Limey) that we're surprised to hear of a perfume named after an Army. Our recollection of Army smells doesn't quite fit in with our idea of a date. Although, of course, we have to admit that we never have spooned on the banks of the Volga, so near to those sweaty boatmen. It certainly isn't that we have any prejudice against the *Red* Army. Because we'd feel just the same if our girl friend came to a dance wearing "Memories of the Royal Horse Guards" or "Nights with the Pioneer Corps."

But how could we answer the questions that our Russian friends would ask about our perfumes? What could we say in defence of "Indiscretion," "Rumeur" or "Evening in Paris"? To convey their gay, risqué, but essentially harmless flavour will call for a good grounding in Marxism, a first-class interpreter, and courage. We must insist that the idiom should be translated as a whole into the atmosphere of Soviet Society with its own scale of values. Of course, we'll give an example. A dashing bachelor girl in Minsk could surely create a sensation at the Carnival Dance in the Park of Rest and Culture by whispering to her partner that she wears a dab of "Warmonger."

When that one has been laughed off, real friends of Anglo-Soviet understanding should go further. If the Big Three finally do meet, would Mme Malenkov be sporting enough to wear "Evening with Beria," if Mrs. Eisenhower would use "Germ Warfare" and Lady Churchill would try "Achievement of the Collective Farm."

But diplomacy means give and take and we must prove that we can laugh at ourselves. We might propose that the Scarborough Conference should open with a little presentation for Mrs. Attlee: a gaily wrapped phial of "Ill-Timed" from Hector McNeil.

ANTHONY WEDGWOOD BENN

The Arts and Entertainment

ISOLATION AND FREEDOM

IN 1952 Unesco organised at Venice an international conference of painters, writers, architects, sculptors and musicians. The conference was convened to discuss some of the problems of *The Artist in Modern Society*—which is also the title of the booklet just published containing the texts of the ten main speeches.

According to the Introduction one dilemma dominated all the discussions: "What could be done to protect the artist, to help him, to educate him, while at the same time safeguarding the independence of his art and preserving the originality and authority of his talent? How could the State be asked to foster the arts without setting up a system of official or 'directed' art?"

This is not surprising. On one hand the famous isolation of the artist in the West denies him influence, opportunities and often even a living; and on the other hand the necessity of his "freedom" has become a cardinal article of faith. Volumes have been and could be written on this subject and I am well aware both that in a couple of columns I can say very little, and that over-simplifications do more harm than good. I therefore want to make just one point.

Dilemmas are not usually the result of the clash of two opposing separate necessities, but—and this is what makes them so painful—the result of an ambivalent attitude towards a cause and its effect. This applies, I believe, to the dilemma of the Western artist. He desperately cherishes his "freedom" above everything else precisely because it seems to him to constitute the final and only contract he can now make with society. Because he is considered useless, he is not prepared to be used.

Henry Moore in a very fair-minded and intelligent article hints at this. "It may be," he says,

> that in return for his loss of freedom the artist will be offered economic security; it may be that with such security he will no longer feel the need to express a personal philosophy, and that a common philosophy will still allow a sufficient degree of flexibility in interpretation to satisfy the artist's æsthetic sensibility.

The connection between the artist's isolation and what amounts to his obsession with freedom is also borne out by the sort of half truths that occur in other declarations. Giuseppe Ungaretti says, "The idea that art has to be judged by standards different from those of practical life is one that has become progressively clearer to men's minds; it is an idea of freedom carried to its highest point by the discussions of the Romantic movement." It is perfectly true that art cannot be judged by purely utilitarian standards; but it is equally true that in all its greatest epochs art has always had a practical context. Only when such a practical context ceased to exist did the Romantics develop the idea that the individual could only risk himself creatively in defiance of society, instead of for it.

A misty night. Skilled hands are at work on the warehouse window. A click, and it's open. A lorryload of carpets is stolen—and a valuable contract lost.

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Marc Connelly explains that the power of the theatre derives from "man's hunger" for a "world of dimly remembered beauties." Again, no one will deny that nostalgia and consolation are elements in the appeal of many works. But man's need for inspiration and incitement are just as potent. The significant difference is that nostalgia emphasises private emotion: incitement communal emotion.

Taha Hussein suggests that writing should no longer be considered a profession, and goes on to say that if all patronage disappeared there would be "no great cause for regret" because then the writer would be nobler because freed from *all* outside constraint.

Another idea that occurs several times is that of art as an insurance against oblivion. Past civilisations are only remembered on account of their works of art. Therefore our society should encourage the artist to work as a free "timeless" agent unhampered by transient considerations of politics or ideology. The theoretical flaw in this argument is that great works have never been consciously produced for the museums of the future. The practical flaw is the Hydrogen Bomb.

Behind all these points, however, one can see the same process—the artist making a virtue of necessity: believing that it is his function to transcend society just because he has no status within it. This is made even clearer by the speeches of Alessandro Blasetti, the film director, and Lucio Costa the architect. The film and architecture are considerably more integrated into modern life than the other arts. And these two speeches are outstanding by contrast because neither is in the least concerned with self-justifying pleas for the artist's personal freedom. On the contrary, Blasetti pleads for the film to be considered a collective art, and then emphasises —unlike the other speakers who all stress the supremacy of Form—that the value of a film must reside in the truth and morality of its Content. Lucio Costa certainly makes a plea for freedom—but not that of the artist. His plea is that vested interests should no longer be allowed to withhold from millions the liberating possibilities of architectural and industrial planning.

I do not wish to deny that officious bureaucratic control can fatally inhibit the artist. Costa puts this very well when he says that the artist should be prepared to accept the given purpose and function of a job, but that he should be free to choose the way in which he carries it out. Nor am I denying the scale of many inevitable problems. What change, for instance, has literacy made to the social purpose of painting? How is the debasement of popular taste to be overcome? Is there a possible relationship between national and international culture? What, as Henry Moore asks, is the duty of an artist in an interim society such as ours? And then, apart from such general and long-term problems, what can the artist do now, immediately, to improve his position?

The one point I am making is that only when a conference of artists discusses, not how to "protect" and "safeguard" themselves, but how they can regain their popular honour, how they can serve—can the problem of their freedom logically become a real one.

JOHN BERGER

LOOK AND LISTEN

To The Chairman,
The Independent Television Authority,
C/o The Postmaster General,
G.P.O., London.

Dear Sir,

I wish to apply for the post of Director-General of the Independent Television Authority, notice of which I have seen in the issue of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION for August 14.

I will not at this juncture bore you with a recital of my *curriculum vitæ*: the relevant facts of my experience in the management of men and material will be found in at least skeletal detail in the usual reference books. I have, of course, no experience of the entertainment industry or of journalism; and I cannot pretend to have a wide knowledge of television either as a performer or as a viewer. This seems to me a minor matter: I recall that when Lord Reith was appointed general manager of the British Broadcasting Company he did not know what he had become general manager of.

If I might paraphrase the witty Frenchman I would say: "Viewing? Our servants will do that for us!" And in point of fact, I had installed some little time ago a television machine in the quarters of my man, Jones. I may say he retails to me each morning, in considerable detail and often with a delightfully salty turn of phrase, his comments on the programmes of the evening before. Jones, who was my batman throughout the war, represents the best type of British working man, and I have no doubt that, if I am appointed to the post, I shall find his opinions on programmes invaluable.

But if I have not seen television I think I may claim to have thought deeply about it; and here I have the inestimable advantage of having read Lord Reith's autobiography *Into the Wind*. I do not doubt that what he has to say there about sound broadcasting applies equally well to the —let us not mince words—entirely revolutionary medium of television. For it cannot have failed to strike you, Sir, that Her Majesty's Government might equally well have appointed you and your distinguished colleagues on the board of I.T.A. to strictly comparable positions in the B.B.C. It is plainly not the intention for the I.T.A. to enter into cut-throat competition with the B.B.C. Television Service.

Clearly, from the point of view of authority, which is the point of view of all right-thinking people, it is of minor importance who provides the programmes, whether a public corporation or private enterprise; what matters is who controls them, who has the final power. For control of television is control of power. The control, of course, must be discreet, and it must be exercised all the time from a long-term view, in the interests of the public, their *best* interests, which they do not always know themselves. As an instance of the long-term view, I would quote Lord Reith's recognition, at a time when sound broadcasting was still scarcely taken seriously, of the part it could play in building up monarchist sentiment as a unifying factor in national life. I rejoice to hear from Jones that B.B.C. Television News still neglects no opportunity of showing members of the Royal Family on every possible occasion. We of I.T.A.—if I may be so bold—might well carry this excellent practice even further, for here, it would seem, right-thinking chimes, as it so often does, with sound commercial practice: I am told by Fleet Street friends that a portrait of a major member of the Royal Family on the cover of a magazine invariably increases the sale of that particular issue.

I take the projection of royalty merely as an instance. We Englishmen do not like rules and regulations and written constitutions. We prefer to be governed by precedent and to go by "the sense of the meeting"—and a nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse. Our duty to the public is not only to entertain and inform: it is also, and much more fundamentally, to protect it. New ideas are always with us, new ideas of society, religion, economics, psychology, morals, art, new ideas of the nature of man. To people like ourselves, who can separate the wheat from the chaff in them, they may well prove stimulating and amusing. Their influence, fortunately, is rarely immediate or widespread since they are usually made public in book-form, and the great bulk of our audience are not readers. When these new ideas have stood the test of time, of course, it will be our duty gradually to introduce them, suitably expressed, to our viewers.

But our overwhelming duty is to protect from the new and the untried and the alien the British way of life—and you will no doubt agree, Sir, that one of the great sources of strength of that way of life is that it is almost incapable of definition. Our role, like the B.B.C.'s, is to be a Steadying Influence. Like it, we shall strive for impartiality: which means taking the view from the centre, with an occasional hasty glimpse at one extreme or the other. I do not believe that we need fear the business men who will finance our programmes. Soundly conservative and inherently cautious as most of them will be, they can, I think, be relied upon to respond even more quickly than the B.B.C. to the suasions of pressure-groups, whether religious or political, which feel their beliefs to be ignored or inadequately represented.

May I say in conclusion, Sir, that I am optimistic about the success of I.T.A. Jones assures me that, even if we do not do as well as the B.B.C. Television Service at its best, we cannot possibly do worse than its worst; and he points out that, taking B.B.C. Television programmes as our standard, our programme-makers are still left with a very reasonable margin of scope for the exercise of their skill in vulgarity and fatuity.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

"The Caine Mutiny," at the Odeon
"River of No Return," at the Marble Arch Odeon
"Valley of the Kings," at the Empire

The travel advertisements have nothing on films at the moment. Luxury cruise in the good ship *Caine*! Or a raft down the rapids? Miss Munroe with her banjo! Her shoulder strap's slipping! Robert Mitchum clinging to rudder! Indians! Their arrows sing past (not a hit in fifty years)!

Or a sand-storm in the desert and a snug rock for two? New tomb of the Pharaohs discovered! Fight to the death on deity's head! Cab race through Cairo streets! All the mystery of the East invaded by the dynamism of the West!

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I have had the help of two M.P.s (both Conservative) and the Canadian has appealed by letter and cable to Sir Winston Churchill, Mr. Peter Thorneycroft, Sir Thomas Dugdale (before his resignation), the Trade Commissioner of Canada and every possible authority. There is nothing that can be done to save this generous gift, but surrender it "to the Crown" as though it were smuggled. An appeal to Her Majesty would have the same result.

Everyone to whom you appeal will very rightly make inquiries, these will be channelled officially back to the man who made the decision in the first place, who will naturally recommend no action, therefore the individual has, in effect, no appeal whatever against what Crichel Down has shown can be a decision based on resentment against anyone having the temerity to protest against despotic treatment.

The need is for an Appeals Court, or other impartial body which would have the power to overrule the individual civil servant or department, and to fine heavily those who wasted its time on frivolous appeals, or those based on dishonest evasion. Until this is provided every industry that is nationalised or every aspect of life or trade into which government Departments are voted, vanishes behind an Iron Curtain, where the individual is helpless.

Power or wealth may help (I have none, neither have the thousands of individuals whose experience of "Crichel Down Despotism" is sometimes reported in the *Daily Express*), but a rediscovery of the value of liberty and justice by the Labour Party would be of greater importance.

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The Crichel Down debate revealed that to the Labour Party, liberty had no meaning. All that they provided was sympathy with the Conservatives tempered with an attempt to make political capital out of minor aspects, while missing the fact that only thirty years separate 1954 from "1984."

LAWRENCE D. HILLS

Barnet, Herts.

HEADS IN A BUCKET OF SAND

SIR,—I should be interested to know the means by which Lord Esher has been able to assess accurately the opinions of "the majority of his (Mr. Selwyn Lloyd's) fellow-countrymen in preferring to be vaporised rather than communised." Also I was under the impression that improvements to atomic weapons have been in the direction of bigger and better explosions rather than the silent, painless death suggested by the term, vaporisation—how attractive it must sound to those contemplating suicide by gas, vein-cutting, etc. True, it would be comforting to know that the horrible tortures recounted of Nagasaki and Hiroshima are not likely to be visited upon us. I am thinking particularly of the skinless, reptile-like creatures crawling on all fours along a Nagasaki road.

As regards the choice between being destroyed or conquered, there is no recorded instance in history where mass suicides have followed the victory of a conqueror; and currently the Communist countries do not seem to have a larger proportion of suicides than elsewhere. It would appear, therefore, that while the common man has never shown a marked liking for any kind of government—his general attitude being one of apathy—his main concern has been, and is, with the immediate interests of his own family. No call to arms can be successful unless he can be persuaded that these are really threatened. I venture to suggest that he would rather have his family feudalised, capitalised, communised, or anarchised than vaporised, assuming that Lord Esher is correct and this is the worst he can expect.

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DECCA

THE DECCA RECORD COMPANY LIMITED, 1-3 BRIXTON ROAD, LONDON, S.W.9

Marc Connelly explains that the power of the theatre derives from "man's hunger" for a "world of dimly remembered beauties." Again, no one will deny that nostalgia and consolation are elements in the appeal of many works. But man's need for inspiration and incitement are just as potent. The significant difference is that nostalgia emphasises private emotion: incitement communal emotion.

Taha Hussein suggests that writing should no longer be considered a profession, and goes on to say that if all patronage disappeared there would be "no great cause for regret" because then the writer would be nobler because freed from *all* outside constraint.

Another idea that occurs several times is that of art as an insurance against oblivion. Past civilisations are only remembered on account of their works of art. Therefore our society should encourage the artist to work as a free "timeless" agent unhampered by transient considerations of politics or ideology. The theoretical flaw in this argument is that great works have never been consciously produced for the museums of the future. The practical flaw is the Hydrogen Bomb.

Behind all these points, however, one can see the same process—the artist making a virtue of necessity: believing that it is his function to transcend society just because he has no status within it. This is made even clearer by the speeches of Alessandro Blasetti, the film director, and Lucio Costa the architect. The film and architecture are considerably more integrated into modern life than the other arts. And these two speeches are outstanding by contrast because neither is in the least concerned with self-justifying pleas for the artist's personal freedom. On the contrary, Blasetti pleads for the film to be considered a collective art, and then emphasises —unlike the other speakers who all stress the supremacy of Form—that the value of a film must reside in the truth and morality of its Content. Lucio Costa certainly makes a plea for freedom—but not that of the artist. His plea is that vested interests should no longer be allowed to withhold from millions the liberating possibilities of architectural and industrial planning.

I do not wish to deny that officious bureaucratic control can fatally inhibit the artist. Costa puts this very well when he says that the artist should be prepared to accept the given purpose and function of a job, but that he should be free to choose the way in which he carries it out. Nor am I denying the scale of many inevitable problems. What change, for instance, has literacy made to the social purpose of painting? How is the debasement of popular taste to be overcome? Is there a possible relationship between national and international culture? What, as Henry Moore asks, is the duty of an artist in an interim society such as ours? And then, apart from such general and long-term problems, what can the artist do now, immediately, to improve his position?

The one point I am making is that only when a conference of artists discusses, not how to "protect" and "safeguard" themselves, but how they can regain their popular honour, how they can serve—can the problem of their freedom logically become a real one.

JOHN BERGER

LOOK AND LISTEN

To The Chairman,
The Independent Television Authority,
C/o The Postmaster General,
G.P.O., London.

Dear Sir,

I wish to apply for the post of Director-General of the Independent Television Authority, notice of which I have seen in the issue of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION for August 14.

I will not at this juncture bore you with a recital of my *curriculum vitæ*: the relevant facts of my experience in the management of men and material will be found in at least skeletal detail in the usual reference books. I have, of course, no experience of the entertainment industry or of journalism; and I cannot pretend to have a wide knowledge of television either as a performer or as a viewer. This seems to me a minor matter: I recall that when Lord Reith was appointed general manager of the British Broadcasting Company he did not know what he had become general manager of.

If I might paraphrase the witty Frenchman I would say: "Viewing? Our servants will do that for us!" And in point of fact, I had installed some little time ago a television machine in the quarters of my man, Jones. I may say he retails to me each morning, in considerable detail and often with a delightfully salty turn of phrase, his comments on the programmes of the evening before. Jones, who was my batman throughout the war, represents the best type of British working man, and I have no doubt that, if I am appointed to the post, I shall find his opinions on programmes invaluable.

But if I have not seen television I think I may claim to have thought deeply about it; and here I have the inestimable advantage of having read Lord Reith's autobiography *Into the Wind*. I do not doubt that what he has to say there about sound broadcasting applies equally well to the —let us not mince words—entirely revolutionary medium of television. For it cannot have failed to strike you, Sir, that Her Majesty's Government might equally well have appointed you and your distinguished colleagues on the board of I.T.A. to strictly comparable positions in the B.B.C. It is plainly not the intention for the I.T.A. to enter into cut-throat competition with the B.B.C. Television Service.

Clearly, from the point of view of authority, which is the point of view of all right-thinking people, it is of minor importance who provides the programmes, whether a public corporation or private enterprise; what matters is who controls them, who has the final power. For control of television is control of power. The control, of course, must be discreet, and it must be exercised all the time from a long-term view, in the interests of the public, their *best* interests, which they do not always know themselves. As an instance of the long-term view, I would quote Lord Reith's recognition, at a time when sound broadcasting was still scarcely taken seriously, of the part it could play in building up monarchist sentiment as a unifying factor in national life. I rejoice to hear from Jones that B.B.C. Television News still neglects no opportunity of showing members of the Royal Family on every possible occasion. We of I.T.A.—if I may be so bold—might well carry this excellent practice even further, for here, it would seem, right-thinking chimes, as it so often does, with sound commercial practice: I am told by Fleet Street friends that a portrait of a major member of the Royal Family on the cover of a magazine invariably increases the sale of that particular issue.

I take the projection of royalty merely as an instance. We Englishmen do not like rules and regulations and written constitutions. We prefer to be governed by precedent and to go by "the sense of the meeting"—and a nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse. Our duty to the public is not only to entertain and inform: it is also, and much more fundamentally, to protect it. New ideas are always with us, new ideas of society, religion, economics, psychology, morals, art, new ideas of the nature of man. To people like ourselves, who can separate the wheat from the chaff in them, they may well prove stimulating and amusing. Their influence, fortunately, is rarely immediate or widespread since they are usually made public in book-form, and the great bulk of our audience are not readers. When these new ideas have stood the test of time, of course, it will be our duty gradually to introduce them, suitably expressed, to our viewers.

But our overwhelming duty is to protect from the new and the untried and the alien the British way of life—and you will no doubt agree, Sir, that one of the great sources of strength of that way of life is that it is almost incapable of definition. Our role, like the B.B.C.'s, is to be a Steadying Influence. Like it, we shall strive for impartiality: which means taking the view from the centre, with an occasional hasty glimpse at one extreme or the other. I do not believe that we need fear the business men who will finance our programmes. Soundly conservative and inherently cautious as most of them will be, they can, I think, be relied upon to respond even more quickly than the B.B.C. to the suasions of pressure-groups, whether religious or political, which feel their beliefs to be ignored or inadequately represented.

May I say in conclusion, Sir, that I am optimistic about the success of I.T.A. Jones assures me that, even if we do not do as well as the B.B.C. Television Service at its best, we cannot possibly do worse than its worst; and he points out that, taking B.B.C. Television programmes as our standard, our programme-makers are still left with a very reasonable margin of scope for the exercise of their skill in vulgarity and fatuity.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

"The Caine Mutiny," at the Odeon
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"Valley of the Kings," at the Empire

The travel advertisements have nothing on films at the moment. Luxury cruise in the good ship *Caine*! Or a raft down the rapids? Miss Munroe with her banjo! Her shoulder strap's slipping! Robert Mitchum clinging to rudder! Indians! Their arrows sing past (not a hit in fifty years)!

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Barnet, Herts.

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DECCA LP TRUE HIGH FIDELITY

THE DECCA RECORD COMPANY LIMITED, 1-3 BRIXTON ROAD, LONDON, S.W.9

HEADS IN A BUCKET OF SAND

SIR,—On what grounds does Lord Esher assert that the British people would prefer to be vaporised rather than communised? I should have thought the majority certainly would not accept such a defeatist attitude. Vaporised we are finished with; communised we may still be able to attain again some of those freedoms we most value.

271 Worting Road, P. DENIS GOODALL
Basingstoke.

YOUTH AND CHURCH

SIR,—My own experience of Church-going today is so different from that of your correspondent W. T. Rogers that I am moved to suggest that he is mistaken in his assumptions and conclusions.

As a result of being reminded from the pulpit of my obligations towards my fellow-men, I joined the missionary group of my Church. During the last year this group, about fifteen elderly women, has met fortnightly to hear talks on work done by the London Missionary Society. We knew that in past years the burden of primary education in Africa had been borne chiefly by Mission schools, but we have been surprised to find what a large part missionary effort plays also in higher education and in pioneer medical work, nursing and hygiene, especially in villages.

On one occasion we listened to a moving account of work in a mission to lepers, related by a laboratory technician. The work is largely supported by funds from Home Churches.

Again, we have recently had a fascinating account of a boarding home for Indian village girls who have come into the town of Anantapur to go to school. This educational work is supported jointly by the Indian Government and the London Missionary Society. Parents are eager to remove their children from starvation conditions which prevail in many villages.

We have also listened to a well-informed speaker who gave us the historical and geographical background to three territories in S. Africa for which the Government and people of the United Kingdom accept responsibility. As a Church, we help by sending L.M.S. missionaries; as citizens, we contribute to the Colonial Development and Welfare Fund, which provides material help and co-operation.

During my membership of a local Labour Party I can recall no such instructive gatherings and no such self-denial in giving. But I do remember listening to a speaker who told us at length why he signed the Nenni telegram and why later he withdrew his signature. I remember heated discussions on education which seemed to be concerned chiefly with "parity of esteem." I have heard a woman speaker tell a passive audience that we know nothing of what really goes on in the world as we only know what the papers tell us. I have heard applause following the statement that "Russia does not want war. A friend of mine went to Moscow and saw the walls of the fire station covered with Peace placards and Peace doves. This proves that they do not want war——"

I have never heard from my fellow Church-members any criticism of Socialism, but a fellow Socialist can gain a reputation for a high standard of intelligence merely by announcing that he no longer accepts Christian dogma. KARSHISH

OBSCENE BOOKS

SIR,—No doubt most of your readers will sympathise with Mr. Birch's difficulties in connection with his work as a librarian. It should, however, be pointed out that this matter is much deeper and more important than the ridicule of the well-meaning but ingenuous on the part of the more sophisticated.

It is not necessary to question the good faith of those who object to the public circulation of novels dealing with sexual themes, but neither is it necessary to accept their standards, still less to permit them to impose these standards on the community. After all, total abstainers, vegetarians, opponents of dancing and the theatre, are all, no doubt, equally sincere, but society is surely wise in according a permissiveness wider than these creeds.

The plea of protecting young people sometimes seems to be in the nature of a rationalisation, for if this were the real purpose the simple expedient of issuing certain books to adults only would solve the problem. What is really at stake is freedom of expression, and the right of adult men and women to choose what books they wish to read. This is surely the policy that Mr. Birch should support. Anyone who describes a book, mild enough to be recommended on the B.B.C., as "too disgusting to read" is obviously suffering from a sexual complex and should not be allowed to impose his sexual phobias on the community. I am sure that the work of Freud and Ellis would also fall under the ban of such a person. It is quite easy for a mature and intelligent teacher to distinguish pornographic trash from serious scientific or literary work dealing with sexual activities, and it is the duty of all liberal-minded persons who value a free and vigorous literature to defend the serious writer, especially during one of the "periodical fits of morality" that Macaulay found so ridiculous.

Finally, Mr. Birch should recommend his friend to read and consider carefully the work of Professor Kinsey, especially in connection with the contribution made by pre-marital experimental sexual activities to satisfactory sexual adjustment in marriage. Young people enjoy their food at an early age, but they do not on that account become gastromically *blasé* by middle age. ROBERT WOOD

28 Fitzalan Road,
Littlehampton.

SOCIALIST OUTLOOK

SIR,—The recent edict of the National Executive Committee of the Labour Party proscribing *Socialist Outlook* must have been drafted by people who have no belief whatever in the efficacy of democratic debate.

If the N.E.C. get away with this there seems to be no limit to the extent to which they could go to stifle criticism and free speech within the Party. For the first time in history Labour leaders have taken steps which amount to attempted suppression of a newspaper.

Apparently the holding of shares in this newspaper is incompatible with Labour Party membership. Many Labour Party members hold shares in private Capitalist industry and many more have accounts with Capitalist banks. The boards of directors of industrial and banking concerns consist mainly of people who are the bitter enemies of the Labour Movement and are the controlling faction within the Conservative Party. The Capitalist Press attacks the Labour Party every day; this does not deter many Labour M.P.s from receiving payment for writing articles for those papers. Are the *Daily Express, Daily Mail* and the others now to be added to the banned list by Transport House? Are all Party members holding any shares or having any banking accounts other than in or with the Co-op. now to be expelled?

The good name of the Labour Party demands that this outrageous endeavour to interfere with the basic freedoms of individual members should be revoked at the Scarborough Conference. It must be made clear to the N.E.C. that never again must they try to strangle that right to independent thought which has been such a powerful factor in the Labour Party's strength in the past.

33 Reigate Road, JOHN E. DALE
Downham, Kent.

SIR,—As a prospective Parliamentary candidate who takes as much leave as any to criticise the edicts of Transport House, I cannot understand what this *Socialist Outlook* fuss is about. If I want to read the journal, I shall not regard its proscription as prohibiting me from so doing (and equally, reading it would no more involve my supporting its aims than reading the *Daily Telegraph* makes me a Tory).

What the proscription does, as I see it, is to stop Labour Party members from participating in the writing and sales promotion of *Socialist Outlook*. And since *Outlook*, unlike THE NEW STATESMAN and *Tribune*, criticises Labour Party policy and activity from a standpoint inherently hostile to the Party, this seems fair enough.

Your editorial note asks why the *Daily Worker* and *Labour Monthly* are not proscribed. Both of these publications are connected with the Communist Party, of which all Labour Party members are wary. Declared Communist groups have no influence in Constituency Labour Parties. But it is common knowledge that groups united in support of *Socialist Outlook* have a really pernicious influence in a number of C.L.P.s (this is certainly the case in a ward of which I was a member until a little time ago), an influence which no one, whether Left- or Right-minded, could say was beneficial to the free discussion which is essential if the Labour Party is to be a truly Socialist Party.

The *Socialist Outlook* groups are not ginger groups of the sort the Labour Party needs. Consciously or unconsciously their adherents are motivated by an unpleasant dislike of the Labour Party, as it is now, or even as it would be if, as many wish, it adopted the policies advocated in your columns. It is proper that these people should be faced with a choice between Party and *Outlook*. It will be interesting to see which they choose.

81 Grange Avenue, GERALD KAUFMAN
Leeds 7.

SIR,—Further to your note in last week's NEW STATESMAN AND NATION about *Socialist Outlook*, you may be interested to know that at no time did the N.E.C. contact our paper directly as to its contents. We did not even receive an official notification of the ban. Since a great number of our supporters are active members of the Labour Party, such conduct is inexcusable from the standpoint of the most elementary democratic principles.

Whether or not your readers agree with *Socialist Outlook*, I am sure they will support a protest meeting which is being held at the Holborn Hall, Gray's Inn Road, W.C.1, on Thursday, August 26, at 7.30 p.m. Speakers will include Michael Foot, M.P. (*Tribune*), Kingsley Martin (NEW STATESMAN), Allan Skinner (*Peace News*), John Harris (*Forward*), Monica Pearson and Jack Stanley, General Secretary, Constructional Engineering Union. G. HEALY

Socialist Outlook,
177 Bermondsey Street, London, S.E.1.

THE NEW PYRAMID

SIR,—I was very interested to read Mr. William Salter's criticism of my feature programme *The New Pyramid* in last week's issue. I agree with much of what he says regarding the relationship between sound radio and television, but some of his remarks puzzle me.

As I understand him, he felt that my programme which described the successive stages in the excavation of the newly discovered Pyramid up to the opening of the sarcophagus, would have been improved by the addition of vision; he thinks that it should have been handled by the B.B.C.'s Television Documentary Unit.

I agree that a film might have been made of the tomb, and Dr. Goniem could have been interviewed before the camera. The result would probably have been quite interesting, but it would not, I submit, have been the kind of programme which I managed to produce with a lot of patience and a tape-recorder.

In the first place it would have been impossible to have a film unit constantly available during the two years during which Dr. Goniem was carrying on his excavations; nor would it have been possible to introduce cameras and lights into the pyramid at critical moments in the excavations, such as the moment when Dr. Goniem at last penetrated the third blocking wall and was confronted with the burial chamber. Surely the interest of such a story is in the thoughts and emotions of the discovery, and these are more effectively conveyed by the voice of Dr. Goniem, casually recorded at odd moments, than by sticking the unfortunate archaeologist in front of a camera, surrounding him with lights and getting him to read from a prepared script—which would have been necessary, since from my knowledge of him he would never have spoken impromptu had he known he was being recorded, let alone photographed.

With all respect for the new medium of television, I suggest that there are still subjects which lend themselves more readily to sound, and this, I believe, was one of them. LEONARD COTTRELL

49 Connaught Gardens, N.10.

Books in General

THE coming of spring, the end of the long, hateful winter, is a recurrent theme of the medieval Latin poets. Just as Horace rejoiced to see the snows shifting and the river sinking to the riverbed, so the Bavarian clerks of the twelfth century felt the truant sap rising in them as they gazed at clear skies and purpling heather:

Letabundus rediit
avium concentus
ver jocundus prodiit
gaudeat iuventus
novo ferens gaudia . . .

The earth was aflame, Love stood at the gate of Summer. The satyrs were awake, the dryads had begun their dancing. Cato himself, they felt, could not help thawing in such weather.

To the educated Frenchman of 1532, who was lucky enough to chance upon a copy of *Les horribles et espovantables faictz et prouesses du très renommé Pantagruel . . . par maistre Alcofrybas Nasier*, on a stall at the Lyons book fair, the first instalment of Rabelais's masterpiece must have seemed like a foretaste of the new spring, the end of the long hideous winter of the Middle Age. For we must keep these things in perspective. With all our reverence for the highlights of medieval civilisation (Chartres, Dante, the *Summa*, Chaucer's belly laugh), no one now pretends that any human being at all like ourselves could have enjoyed the Middle Ages. For the vast majority of Western European men and women, the centuries that lie between the break-up of the Roman Empire and the fall of Constantinople were brutal, neurotic, priest-ridden and malodorous. Dirt and repression, both of mind and body, were obsessive and all-prevailing. Whatever spiritual ligaments were torn at the Reformation, whatever the Renaissance may or may not have accomplished for the spirit of man, there can be no doubt that on a purely secular level life has been cleaner and cheerfuller for most of us ever since.

Rabelais gave Renaissance sanity its first and greatest literary expression in *Gargantua and Pantagruel*.* Even today we can watch the new learning working like yeast in his pages, each chapter fermenting with the spoils of the recovered humanities. "The vivacity of his spirit amidst the books," he writes of his own Pantagruel, "was like a great fire amongst dry wood, so active it was, vigorous and indefatigable." To his first readers he must have been an intoxication. Astronomy, botany, medicine, ancient history, the quirks of canon law, the quiddities of the theologians—he plundered the sum of contemporary knowledge to furnish his arsenal against monkery. Smut, gossip, local politics, the North-west Passage, Ciceronian diction or the gibbet jingles of Villon—anything and everything was laid hold of and pressed into the service of this new crusade of light. Behind the slapstick, the farting, the bodkin jabs at Popes and Doctors, Rabelais deployed his big classical battalions. From Herodotus, his first love, he borrowed the easy flowing narrative style that makes him the father of French prose; from Lucian he got his wit, his irony (an irony that is indignant and compassionate, but takes care never to seem so), his delight in incredible voyages. From Pliny and a host of others he quarried his heaps of assorted learning, the saltpetre with which he mined the outworks of the medieval Establishment—pardons, relics, pilgrimages, Decretals, Shrovetides, shrivings—the whole network of religious vested interest, *matière de bréviaire*, that he sent rocketing into the air in a series of tremendous and well-timed explosions.

As each volume of his chronicle, in turn more audacious than the last, made its appearance, his delighted readers must have wondered about their anagramatic author. What sort of a man was he, this erudite daredevil satirist, who sailed not just near but clean into the wind and seemed to know so well, so intimately, just where the clerical shoe pinched? They quickly got their answer. It came from the herds of religious cattle of all sorts, left maimed, routed and bellowing on the field of battle, like the Cake-Bakers of Lerné and the hosts of Kings Picrochole and Anarchus whom Gargantua and his son vanquished in Books I and II. A heretic, screamed the diehards; a fiend from Hell, cried the monks; a profaner of the Gospels, declared Calvin; an indecent tosspot, pronounced the Sorbonne; an asp whom we nursed in our own bosom, groaned the Friars Minor.

Rabelais took his revenge in his Fourth Book. In Englishing the passage, Peter Motteux, as is usual with him and with his greater predecessor, the sprightly and immortal Sir Thomas Urquhart, contrives at once splendidly to gild the lily and tone down the anti-Protestantism:

> Since that, she [*Antiphysis*, the malicious counter-part of Nature] begot the hypocritical Tribes of eavesdropping dissemblers, superstitious Popemongers and Priestridden Biggots, the Frantic Pistolets, [*"les demoniacles Calvins imposteurs de Geneve"*] the Scrapers of Benefices, Apparitors with the Devil in them, and other Grinders and Squeezers of Livings, your mad Herb-stinking Hermits, gulliguted dunces of the Cowl, Church-vermin, false zealots, devourers of the Substance of Men, and many more other deform'd and ill-favour'd Monsters, made in spight of Nature.

As for the monks themselves,

> . . . there is nothing so true, as that the frock and cowl draw to them the opprobries, injuries, and maledictions of the world, just as the wind called Cecias, attracts the clouds. The peremptory reason is, because they eat the ordure and excrements of the world, that is to say the sins of the people, and, like dung-chewers, and excrementitious eaters, they are cast into the privies and secessive places, that is, the convents and abbeys, separated from political conversation, as the jakes and retreats of a house are. But if you conceive, how an ape in a family is always mocked, and provokingly incensed, you shall easily apprehend how monks are shunned of all men, both young and old.

Certainly Rabelais knew where the shoe pinched. If a bitter passage at the beginning of his Fifth Book is autobiographical, he had been given over to the monks at any time between 7 and 9 years old. It is certain that he was later a member of the Franciscan Order, the most reactionary in Christendom, and that he suffered a good deal from his brother-monks for his addiction to Greek. He knew the full weight of monkish *accidia*, the wasting disease of monotony that attacks the religious without a vocation, better than most men. He was horribly familiar with the early prayer bell, the stewpot on the stove before Mattins, the drowsiness induced by the Penitential Psalms. He hated the cloister and he wanted to clear out at the first opportunity. He did so at 30, first into a congenial Benedictine half-way house, later into the world itself. He became a physician, a printer's reader, a cardinal's secretary, the protected friend of great men. He went three times to Rome, saw the Pope and the Emperor, became a famous man and was presented to two good church livings. But it was all too late. Somehow, in those formative years, the iron had entered into his soul. It is in this sense that Sainte-Beuve speaks of the deep melancholy that lies at the heart of Rabelais's satire. No writer becomes *"le railleur incomparable"* without a reason.

The long years in the cloister midden, rubbing shoulders with all the huffling snuffling impurity that idleness and repressed instincts never failed to breed in such institutions, may in part account for the scatology, the *"gros sel"* in Rabelais's work. But, though he may be strong meat, he is never prurient. His offences are offences against taste, not morals. As Scott remarked when he refused to expurgate Dryden: "It is not passages of ludicrous indelicacy that corrupt the manners of the people." To the impure—and most of us are that—all books are impure, or at least are capable of arousing impurity. It is merely a question of the reader knowing what titillates him. Tastes differ: the man who finds his relish in the adventures of Mickey Spillane will probably feel jaded by the Karma-Sutra, and neither are likely to find much extraneous interest in the *Comrade-Loves of the Samurai* or in those epigrams of Martial that the Loeb editor has cagily put into Italian. Let us admit that Madrus and Mathers's monumental translation of the Arabian Nights *is* an engaging sexual stimulant and that M. Genet's *Journal du Voleur*, though a startling work of art, *is* immoral. *Gargantua and Pantagruel* is neither a stimulant nor immoral. I cannot believe that in the last 400 years more than a dozen readers have been nobbled for the roses and raptures of vice through reading Rabelais. I am sure that Swinburne, for instance, has inspired far more pleasure.

Rabelais shows a strange lack of interest in women. Admittedly, as his part in the Great Strife proves, he was a doughty anti-feminist, but his seeming complete indifference to the other sex is striking. The ladies certainly come into their own in the Abbey of Theleme, but even here, despite the Castiglionian courtesy accorded them, one is left feeling that Rabelais only put them in as a necessary part of the male *"fay ce que vouldras."* Like all the lay inmates of that noble foundation, they are to be *"bien instruictz"* and the author obviously thought that few women were that.

It is surprising that there is scarcely any mention of the Virgin. This does not mean, as many Pantagruelists have argued, that Rabelais was some sort of early rationalist. Monkery apart, he was surely a good Christian—a

* *The Heroic Deeds of Gargantua and Pantagruel.* By FRANÇOIS RABELAIS. 2 vols. *Dent.* 6s. each.

Books for Autumn

Commando Extraordinary

CHARLES FOLEY

A well-known foreign editor discusses the training and use of the one unanswerable weapon of warfare—man—in the light of the exploits of Otto Skorzeny, with whom the author has had long personal discussions. There is a foreword by Major-General Robert Laycock, C.B., D.S.O.

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The author was U.S. Naval Attaché in Moscow for three years, and tells of the great public events he witnessed, and of what he saw of the people and their life off the beaten track.

November 35/- net

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ALEXANDER CAMPBELL

An objective report on the ferment of Africa today by a writer whose vigorous impartiality has brought him on to the Mau Mau death list, while at the same time has antagonised sections of the white population.

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October 11th 16/- net

Book Society Recommendation.

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KING VIDOR

The autobiography of the famous American film director. His life story is a cavalcade of famous film people and cinematic developments over forty years.

September 13th 18/- net

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HILDA GRAEF

An enthralling biography of Edith Stein, the Jewess who joined the Catholic Church, entered the Carmelite Order, and gave her life for her race and her religion.

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George Orwell

LAURENCE BRANDER

A new and lucid statement of Orwell's beliefs by a writer who worked with him for a number of years. John Lehmann wrote of the chapter of this book on prose in relation to politics which appeared in The London Magazine: "An extremely shrewd and timely article."

October 12/6 net

LONGMANS

Christian of the same breed as Erasmus. His confession of faith is to be found in that beautiful passage in which he equates the "Great Pan is dead!" legend with the Crucifixion.

> For my part, I understand it of that Great Saviour of the Faithfull, who was shamefully put to Death at Jerusalem, by the envy and wickedness of the Doctors, Priests, and Monks of the *Mosaic* Law. And methinks, my Interpretation is not improper; for he may lawfully be said in the Greek Tongue, to be *Pan*, since he is our *All*. For all that we are, all that we live, all that we have, all that we hope, is him, by him, from him, and in him; he is the good *Pan*, the great Shepherd, who, as the loving Shepherd *Corydon* affirms, hath not only a tender Love and Affection for his Sheep, but also for their Shepherds. At his death, complaints, sighs, fears and lamentations were spread through the whole fabric of the Universe, whether Heaven, Land, Sea, or Hell.

Rabelais's prime ingredient is his humanity, the masculine humanity of Grangousier's fireside, of Pantagruel and his fellow-voyagers, Panurge and Epistemon and Friar John des Entommeures. However absurd or allegorical their adventures, whether in the land of Papimany or Pope-figg, drunk or dry, fighting or shipwrecked or marvelling at the great winged swine that flies over the Chitterling battlefield voiding mustard, each is sovereignly in character. We come to know them as we know the great comics in Shakespeare. Pantagruel may weep tears as big as ostrich eggs, but they are the tears of a generous man. As for Panurge, he keeps growing and developing all through the book; at one point he threatens to take control of it altogether. He is one of the six or seven great humours of literature, ranking with Falstaff and Tartuffe and Sancho Panza.

There is elegance here also, and wisdom, a grave courtesy, a heroic ability to face a new and untried world—a world full of double-edged and exciting possibilities. "Printing," Gargantua boasts to his son, "likewise is now in use, so elegant and so correct that better cannot be imagined, although it was found out but in my time by divine inspiration, as by a diabolical suggestion on the other side, was the invention of ordnance.". Rabelais accepted both the printing and the ordnance. He was certain that this new world of scholars and libraries, of gunpowder and Greek Testaments and voyages of discovery would change the old medieval Europe immeasurably for the better. The religious misanthrope, who sees history through the dark blinkers of Original Sin, will sneer at him. But the humanist will find his faith refreshing. For the secular European, Rabelais's corner of nature, his charmed circle of Chinonais, is the true lost garden, Grangousier's philosophic kingdom, where few care for barley-water, actual or metaphysical, but all are devotees of the life-giving herb, Pantagruelion, perfect lovers of *la Dive Bouteille* and the September soup.

JOHN RAYMOND

CURTAIN

Silver down-sluicing skin-tight over stones,
Squandered translucency of silken hose,
Curtain of crystal, ritournelle of tears.

Fall, you cold waters, chilling the histrions,
Fall, you white curtain, till all theatres close,
Fall with the cumulative hiss of the years.

CHRISTOPHER HANCOCK

LEST WE FORGET

The Scourge of the Swastika. By LORD RUSSELL OF LIVERPOOL. *Cassell.* 15*s.*

The most loathsome thing I ever saw was a long extract of film taken from the full recording of the liberation of Buchenwald by the Americans. The horror was overwhelming; the gas ovens and apparatus of torture, the store in which children's clothes and shoes were carefully packed and docketed, the vast pile of artificial limbs, the room filled with the gold stoppings from teeth, the thousands upon thousands of emaciated corpses rotting in the sunshine, the fat and smug S.S. men and women who were forced to carry these corpses one by one for burial, while the Mayor and local big-wigs watched on the adjacent hill-side—these were enough to turn any stomach, and to make one swear that, in so far as one could prevent it, such people as the Nazis should never again be given power. I remember particularly the faces of S.S. girls who began their nauseous job briskly enough; one could see them turning green as the greasy bodies slipped in their hands and their smart uniform was smeared with the decaying flesh. One I recall stepping out of the ranks to vomit on the hill-side. The film, I believe, was never generally shown in England. The reason given was that so much horror tended to produce apathy in audiences. But it was also generally held that it was best to forgive and forget as soon as possible.

It is not always easy to differentiate between charity and cowardice. We in the West carried the theory of magnanimity so far that we did not analyse the German society that had produced anything so monstrous; we did not seriously consider what structural changes were necessary if the inevitable German renaissance was not also to be a Nazi revival. We even allowed the Ruhr industries to fall back into the hands which had supported and armed Hitler. Today, only nine years after the war and fifteen after the Nazi-Soviet Pact, the British public is again being told that a nationalist Germany is a bulwark against Communist Russia, and that rearmament is to recommence in a Germany which, correspondents agree, is rapidly falling into the hands of neo-Nazis.

Lord Russell of Liverpool has had to resign his post as Assistant Judge Advocate General—a post which has recently been put under the Lord Chancellor instead of the War Office—because he has restated the appalling facts that were proved at the war crimes trials and investigations. The excuse for getting rid of him is that any civil servant will be asked to resign if he writes a book on a controversial subject—a plea that seems not to square with Lord Russell's statement that he had been given permission to write it.

Clearly Lord Russell, who played a leading part in the war crimes trials, is very strongly of the opinion that we are again forgetting too soon. His first chapters recount some relevant facts about the origins of the war; they recall, for instance, a speech in which, on August 22, 1939, Hitler informed his Commanders-in-Chief that the destruction of Poland meant "not the arrival at a certain line" of battle but "the elimination of living forces" in the country; that he would invent "a propagandist cause" for starting the war (which he duly did by killing some Poles to give the impression that they had been killed while attacking Germans); and that he only feared that "at the last minute some Schweinehund would make a proposal for mediation." With that in mind, one finds comparatively mild Lord Russell's record of breaches of the Geneva Convention in the West. These are merely authenticated cases in which the Nazis massacred Western European prisoners, deliberately left submarine victims to drown and were similarly heedless of international law. But the war in the West was a gentlemanly affair in comparison with the German treatment of slave labour from all parts of Europe and with the appalling revenge which they took on civil populations in

a vain attempt to prevent them giving aid and comfort to Resistance movements. This side of German cruelty is never for a moment forgotten in France and elsewhere on the Continent. It is only in Britain and America that it has passed from memory.

It is the last chapters of the book, however, that are really blood-curdling. I know of no story of horror comparable with this effort to eliminate "living forces" in Poland and Russia. The Turkish effort to destroy the Armenian people was a trifle in comparison. The Russian Revolution with its combination of Russian tradition and Leninist fanaticism has been marked by a disregard of human rights and a callous attitude to life terribly described by survivors from Soviet Labour camps. But it is not a record of deliberate and sophisticated sadism. Lord Russell gives conclusive evidence that quite apart from the deliberate gassing of six million Jews, nearly as many Russians and Poles were done to death by men and women, some of them chosen because they were sadists, because they enjoyed throwing living bodies into the fire, and slowly putting their victims to death with every variety of slow, experimental torture. To this it is fair to add, from other sources, that there seems to have been difficulty in recruiting enough Germans to carry through this fantastic butchery: that many of the worst torturers were Balts; and that it is horrifying how soon people of any nation, acting under orders, can get used to killing and being killed, and that many of these murderers were kind fathers and mothers, somehow hypnotised into thinking that their human victims were of no more value than rats.

Rightly, Lord Russell makes no comment on these things; they carry their own comment. He provides a cold, factual, and unchallengeable record. The only comment I wish to add is that the book should be made compulsory reading in every German school. KINGSLEY MARTIN

THE SHADOW OF THE MYRTLE

The Collected Poems of Mary Coleridge. *Hart-Davis.* 15*s.*

A tall pale dreaming girl, living out her tranquil days in the family house at Kensington as the nineteenth century comes to a close—such is the biographical image left by Mary Coleridge. For forty years she has been known chiefly by hearsay and a few strange anthology pieces (*Egypt's might is fallen down . . . We were young, we were merry . . . Mother of God, no lady thou*): the one collection of her poems was made (by Newbolt) soon after her early death in 1906, and it has long been out of print. Now that we can look more carefully at the picture through the introductory essay to this admirable new edition, we do not find its enigmatic character dispelled. But a background of late Victorian earnest and sheltered leisure does come into focus; a world where young women with names like Mary's handmaidens in *The Blessed Damozel*—Violet, Ella and Edith, Margaret and Helen—meet to talk with unending pleasure of Plato and of poetry, and the purposes of life.

Mary Coleridge's father, lawyer, host and diner-out, was the great-nephew of S.T.C. He had "an excellent ringing tenor voice"; he sang twice with Jenny Lind (we read) at her special request, but renounced the idea of an operatic career on moral grounds. To the house came Millais and Hunt, Charles Stanford, the venerable giants Tennyson and Browning. But in Mary's own story we pause at three particular names: old William Cory, in exile from Eton, and for five of his last years her Greek teacher and literary mentor; young Henry Newbolt her contemporary, a reluctant barrister and a hopeful poet, who never lost his wonder at her work and did much to overcome her diffidence; Robert Bridges, who, once he had seen her poems, was impressed enough to appoint himself her poetic patron, correcting and advising when he could. He was more successful, perhaps, with Newbolt. Did he not, "stretched out on his doorstep like a great dog, with *Drake's Drum* before him, murmur in the most gratifying way: 'Awfully swell! Awfully swell! . . . It isn't given to man to write anything better than that'"? It was Cory, however, the classical scholar, who left the profoundest mark—one so strong that it drew from her later the very curious comment:

> When Mr. Cory died, there came, along with the sense that "there had passed away a glory from the earth," another sense that I was free—that I should never fear anyone again in just that way. And it is true. Heaven is gone; but Hell is gone too.

It may be owing to this crossing of the Greek with the Pre-Raphaelite impulse that many of her poems are so hard to place in time. Certainly, she did not live long enough to be counted a Georgian: indeed, her simplicities were of a very different kind from theirs. It is not easy to say at once what gives her work its individual quality—what distinguishes any poem in it from the private album piece. Intimate and mysterious as her writing is, it is not, in the undigested fashion of unprofessional poetry, tormented or yearning. If it expresses a private drama, this poetry is of the kind that destroys its clues in the making. You could not tell that its author was born and bred a Londoner; nor is there any burdening evidence of her scholarly reading. She declared once that she understood things better than people; yet the material world—except for one striking image about a passing train—does not provide the imagery of any inner experience. In spite of her passionate admiration for Browning's poetry, it did not apparently affect her own—unless, perhaps, in the brilliant little Pre-Raphaelite duologue called *Jealousy*:

> "The Myrtle bush grew shady,
> Down by the ford."
> "Is it even so?" said my lady.
> "Even so!" said my lord.
> "The leaves are set too thick together
> For the point of a sword."

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STAPLES

"The arras in your room hangs close,
No light between!
You wedded one of those
That see unseen."
"Is it even so?" said the King's Majesty.
"Even so!" said the Queen.

Though she shared the grace and clarity of Christina Rossetti and Alice Meynell, she was less melancholy then the one, more wayward than the other; dogma did not bind her. "I like temporary conditions," she wrote, "and the freedom of them." Her touch was epigrammatic and light, as in her poem *Ghosts:*

Come, gentle ghosts, from that far-distant shore
Of those that look no more upon the sun,
We love you ever as we loved before,
We could not fear you now the day is done;
One ghost alone I fear, the ghost of one
That lives—but loves and is beloved no more.

or in *The Finding of Lord Strathmore, 1715.*

"Who is he?" asked the seekers of the dead,
When they had come where cold and stiff he lay.
"He was a man," the old retainer said,
"Yesterday."

—or in this characteristic short lyric where the key to the whole lies in a single word.

Be still, my beating heart, be still!
There is no hope for thee to-night.
The fading of the wintry light
Has made a blackness of the hill.

Be still, be still, my beating heart!
For thee to-night there is no fear.
The moon has risen white and clear,
And we shall neither meet nor part.

A recurring subject—as in her interesting poem *At a Friends Meeting*—is the power that the living have over the dead. Human life at any of its stages seemed to this dreamer, with a head full of Malory and heroic legend, better than all the paradisal promises of death. With a clear logic, her dislike extended to sleep, the image of death, and to night its climate. Yet she accepted death with calmness when it came after a short and sudden illness.

Her work is more varied in kind than in theme. Her weird ballads might have come from the Rossetti workshop at its highest period; we find, too, an occasional vague allegory—a genre which so often provides the words, alas (*Love Went A-Riding*), to a certain kind of thin English song. But chiefly her poems take the form of short mysterious lyrics, written with a classical yet individual perfection. The key to all of them, it seems to a pensive reader, is her youthful vision—a vision she held suspended in all that she wrote. Youth of the chivalrous, secret, and marvelling sort was her quality. It made her an indifferent novelist, yet it also enabled her to admire and welcome the new writers and painters, Yeats and Ibsen, Manet and Renoir, without destroying her taste for the old. Her poetry belongs to the time when friendship has the adventure and intensity of love; when there are no frontiers to an ardent mind between books and life. That staid and matronly world into which her friends sometimes passed she had no wish to join. It is interesting how little change there was in the quality of her poetry from first to last. We can see this clearly from the chronological arrangement of the present edition, with its many new poems—beautifully printed and perceptively (and aptly) introduced by Newbolt's granddaughter Miss Theresa Whistler.

NAOMI LEWIS

TWO VERSE NOVELS

Brother to Dragons. By ROBERT PENN WARREN. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 15*s.*

Beauty for Ashes. By CHRISTOPHER LA FARGE. *Macmillan.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Anything we can do the Americans can do at greater length. Renouncing Europe, America renounced (with much else) original sin. The idealistic and rebelling youth who proudly spurns the paternal allowance does not know, at the time, how much he is going to miss it. American literature has spent a lot of energy searching for original sin, or for some satisfactory substitute. A strongly communicated awareness of evil—not as an actuality, defined and located, but as an atmosphere, undefined and diffused—is one of the recurring signs of this search; it also is the one which for me, more than anything else, gives a literary meaning to the label "American," where this covers writers in all else so unalike—where it covers Hawthorne, Melville, Twain, Dreiser, Henry James and Hemingway.

Now, like a new detective taking over an unsolved case, the well-regarded author of *Brother to Dragons* begins right back at the beginning again. Right back there he launches an all-out effort to complete the long search; to locate what has been missing, to define what it was or is, and to explain what went wrong. He proceeds by way of an investigation, from all possible sides, of an ugly incident in the family circle of Thomas Jefferson, when two of Jefferson's nephews, Lilburn and Isham Lewis, the sons of his sister Lucy, murdered a Negro slave whom they butchered piece-meal with a meat axe. History does not relate what Jefferson thought about this. Mr. Penn Warren gives his own version; whereby it is pleasant to discern, and to acknowledge with admiration, the power and suitability of the story as a dramatic instrument, fully equal to its task of testing the stamina of American personality at its highest—and also more or less at the point of its origin. For Jefferson was the inventor of the American character; Jeffersonianism, ideal of an American "better self," was a medley of his views and sentiments.

It is on this that *Brother to Dragons* fastens an accusatory eye. The author of the Declaration, the optimistic visionary with his long roll of achievements, was a great man. What about the stamina of such a man—and, by extension, of much that his name represents in America past and present—if subjected to the moral ordeal of violence performed by his own blood: violence which seems to mock the truth of his vision? That confrontation, with its basis in fact, is the high point in this quasi-narrational poem of debating and soliloquising voices. Mr. Warren travels a long way to reach it. He is in the poem himself as "R. P. W.," who plies a worthy brief for modern fashions in thought and theory (many of which do not deserve the space he has spent on them). It would have been better, in fact, if he had worked out clearly the problems involved in creating a firm artistic status for his "Jefferson"—and also incidentally a mode of speech for him. Though not looking for naturalism, I could not prevent sensations of overwhelming unsuitability, due to the gripless commonplace issuing from Mr. Warren's Jefferson.

Certainly the climax, the moral toppling of Jefferson, would have been enlivened if in good time the impression had been given that there was something to topple. As it is, though the issues argued become more interesting, the increase of poetic pressure (much desired) is negligible. Jefferson is told that his disowning of his nephew the murderer is really a refusal by him to "assume the burden of innocence"—which is, recognising that good and evil in their extremes are in all men. There is no hope—whether Jeffersonian vision or "human constant"—in repudiation, but only in "confronting the terror of our condition." Jefferson agrees that fact, however terrible, is indispensable to a mature vision; he will see to this. Reformed, he fades; but "R. P. W." has remained for a recapitulation which is interesting and more or less acceptable till the smug pay-off—"All else is surrogate of hope and destitution of spirit." There is much of such humourless dogmatism.

Brother to Dragons is an ambitious and conscientious work which has achieved nothing in particular. It is possible that Mr. Warren has said something about his country, or rather has indeed laid hold of some lurking dilemma. But he has not raised his material to its proper stature. His fatal fault is his failure in detachment. "R. P. W." has proved too great a temptation. If detachment had been maintained, if rules of distance and difference had been observed, then the poetic ideas would have stood vital and distinct in their colours and orders instead of rambling. The verse, though spotted with fresh perceptions, runs to fustian (especially when violence is its matter) and it can be dry as dust. On rare occasions, when high purpose takes a merciful nap, there are pretty sequences with a charming trotting movement—

"But, Lil," I said, "but, Lil, it ain't us dead!—
For listen, listen, we can up and ride,
Get saddled up and gone and fast and far,
To-night, and ride, and ride to Mississippi
Or down to what they name the Arkansas. . . ."

Mr. La Farge does not fall so hard. But also he does not rise. He keeps on at a steady medium pace and points out a number of interesting things—at least they are things which you probably did not know before, and which you are unlikely, I believe, to remember afterwards. Memorability is not one of the qualities of *Beauty for Ashes*, though there are two attempts to achieve it which are memorable in being disastrous. They happen when Mr. La Farge is concerning himself with two characters by whom he seems to set especial store. One is an orphaned college-boy, all right for money, but with neurotic tendencies aggravated by what he went through in the war; the other a monumental old maid who years before had refused her body to a lover in a cornfield because she had not thought it right. Though her regret continues keen, she has learned content; when she speaks her speech is poetry and in it is a ripe intuitive wisdom, for which she is held in awe in her village of Chog's Cove. Promising as it is, this richly meretricious creation yields nothing quite so luxuriant as the harvest of pathos from the orphaned college-boy.

On the outside, *Beauty for Ashes* proclaims itself "a novel in verse on man's perpetual search for pattern to his existence." I was sure, on seeing this, that it meant nothing; and there is in fact nothing in the book which elucidates, though

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there are passages which further obscure, whatever meaning it was believed to have. Mr. La Farge is fond of "man" as an extra character and calls him in on all sorts of occasions. "Man," whoever he is, is evidently a good chap; for he is always willing to lend a hand, to raise the tone of things, and to point a moral or what appears, when he is invoked, to be one.

> Here the sixty-year-old focus of a community, the Town Hall, built as the hopeful symbol, the fumbling practicality of man's optimism made concrete.

What with "man" and "pattern" and portentous mystification about "the old wounds" (or "the old feuds" or "the hurt") still troubling, it appears, this New England village on a "sophisticated part of the Eastern seaboard," Mr. La Farge is continually getting in the way of a talent he has for writing dramatic scenes. A disputatious meeting in the Town Hall is done with a convincing punch; and the author has a knack of handling social or domestic conversation in a verse which persuasively suggests its unformal rhythms. There is a good deal of pleasure in the intervals between the groans.

GILES ROMILLY

SCIENTISTS UNDER THE SEA

4,000 Years Under the Sea. By PHILIPPE DIOLÉ. Translated by GERARD HOPKINS. *Sidgwick & Jackson.* 18*s.*

Lady With a Spear. By EUGENIE CLARK. *Heinemann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Guide to Underwater Hunting. By SIMON CODRINGTON. *Adlard Coles: Harrap.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Goggle-fishers, and divers on *plongées touristiques* have casually, almost accidentally, opened a new domain for the archæologist. They have come upon ancient anchors and wrecks, harbour works and submerged buildings. Such sites are usually "closed"; they have not, at least until recently, been interfered with by man. If they have been destroyed or preserved it is at the whim of the sea and the sea's creatures. Bronze is less corroded by the sea than by the earth, and many of the best ancient bronzes were recovered from the sea. Carrara marble in shallow water may be pocked with holes as long as one's finger, where it is eaten away by date mussels. Wrecked cargoes of amphoræ on limestone reefs in Greece are cemented by animaculæ into a solid mass, but every trace of the ship itself has gone. Mud will preserve ivory and even wood in good condition, but it may completely cover every sign of the wreck in which they are to be found. And underwater excavation is a difficult and expensive business.

Philippe Diolé has written an excellent book about archæology under the Mediterranean, authoritative and ranging far in its learning. He does not limit himself to recent discoveries after the advent of free-diving, and describes the salvage of the classical shipload of works of art at Mahdia before Cousteau arrived there. The French edition, however, was published in 1952 and, apart from a very brief appendix on Cousteau's wreck at Grand Congloue, nothing has been added in Gerard Hopkins's masterly translation to bring it up to date. M. Diolé says little about the technique of archæology under water; the problems of surveying a site where one may be able to see only a few yards, or of excavating in mud that clouds the water as soon as it is touched, are hardly mentioned. His great merit is that he sees the implications of the smallest find. The seal of an amphora is a clue to the wine-trade between Campania and Gaul. A shipload of columns at St. Tropez adds to the evidence of a temple at Narbonne. Surveys at Sidon and Tyre show that the Roman harbours were far larger than has been thought, and the author's own excursion at Cherchel has similar implications. (It is, by the way, almost impossible to follow his description of the ancient harbour without a map. He prints an aerial photograph, but it bears no place-names.) He realises that archæology is a very different matter from digging or diving for "treasure" for its aim is constantly to find evidence, to increase knowledge, and to help one to understand a past way of life.

"I hope," a French diver once said to me, "you will keep the flame of underwater exploration alight in England." In M. Diolé this sodium-flare always burns brightly, sometimes touching off a whole fusillade of fireworks as he dashes off on enthusiastic digressions and large generalities. Civilisation, he says, is only attained when Man is in true spiritual accord with the Sea. His historical argument may be fanciful but it is illuminating. A head of Aphrodite the Sea-born and other statuary are recovered from the sea and he becomes downright silly: "Who can fail to recognise in this dance of gods and masterpieces the circuits of carbon, phosphorus and nitrogen in the great biological cycle of the seas?"

Eugenie Clark has less imagination. She is an enterprising ichthyologist, an American college girl, half-Japanese, who graduated from aquarium research on the copulation of platyfish (inexplicably sponsored by the Atomic Energy Commission "interested in the sperm physiology of fishes in general") to catching specimens of plectognaths in the Pacific and the Red Sea. It is a most interesting story, rather ordinarily told, of fraternising with native fishermen and pursuing strange fish in out-of-the-way parts of the world. Her field-work was largely with a spear, a plain wooden javelin thrown underwater by hand, which she learnt to use among the divers in Micronesia, though sometimes she would collect specimens wholesale by poisoning rock-pools. Ichthyology, it seems, is still the "science of corpses" (and of live specimens in aquaria) that M. Diolé so much deplores, for Dr. Clark rarely studied behaviour in the field. Perhaps she was too busy finding and describing new species to be interested merely in watching them in the way that one watches birds. Yet how much of our knowledge of birds was learnt away from aviaries and laboratories.

Simon Codrington's *Guide to Underwater Hunting* is intended for the British novice. It is very short and sketchy, evades all technicalities, and is not based on experience of British waters. Both Cousteau's and Diolé's names are misspelt on the first page.

RICHARD GARNETT

THE FABRIC OF LEARNING

The Victoria History of the County of Oxford. Vol. III. The University of Oxford. Edited by H. E. SALTER and MARY D. LOBEL. *Oxford.* 84*s.*

A History of the City of Oxford. By RUTH FASNACHT. *Blackwell.* 21*s.*

Volume II of the *Victoria History of Oxfordshire* was published in 1907 and Volume I in 1939. Volume III has been in preparation since 1933. It was originally designed to cover both the city and the university, but the material accumulated is so great that this has proved impracticable, and the history of the city is to appear separately. This is undoubtedly a wise decision. The present volume represents a vast garnering of the fruits of extended antiquarian investigation by some 40 scholars. Their work, although often minutely factual, is nearly always concise, and to have insisted upon retrenchment would have been greatly to the disadvantage of the enterprise. As it is, one sometimes feels the lack of an elucidatory word. Thus Mr. Michael Maclagan, in a learned and urbane disquisition on Christ Church, records that Wolsey "secured for his college the grant of a new coat of arms (Aug. 4, 1525), which has happily been allowed to lapse into deserved obscurity." This is mysterious. Mr. Maclagan, who is an unrivalled authority, might have explained.

There is one obvious difficulty in writing the history of Oxford. The invisible corporate existence of the university amid its colleges, once likened by Henry James to "the mystical presence of the Empire in the old States of Germany," is a standing puzzle to tourists, and it has clearly proved something of a problem to those responsible for organising the present work. The solution adopted is simple and perhaps sufficient. We are given a succinct history of the university, occupying about an eighth of the book, by Mr. Strickland Gibson, followed by a collection of college histories. It is hard to imagine that, upon the plan and principles laid down, the thing could be better done. But the result is not really a history; it is a vastly informative compendium. The spirit of Oxford is not absent, since without the sort of piety here so largely exercised the place would be immensely impoverished. One may feel, nevertheless, that the special character of the present undertaking within its series might with advantage have been accorded fuller recognition, and something of a more philosophical character and a fuller literary quality been attempted at least somewhere in the work.

It appears that the facing of the printing-house in Walton Street was repaired in 1864, 1907 and 1935. This is no doubt part of the history of Oxford. But so are a good many things that pass unrecorded; for example, thirty tolerably famous lines of Samuel Johnson's *The Vanity of Human Wishes*. One ought not indeed to asperse a wholesome devotion to the material fabric of learning, and it is quite certain that Johnson would vastly approve all that we have been given. But he would probably have relished a little more about men. All *Orielenses* will delight in being gracefully reminded by Mr. Pantin that in the great "Lion" tankard, holding a gallon, their college possesses the largest object of its kind in Oxford; they will be fascinated to learn that the original fourteenth-century seal of the college was in use until January, 1949; they may even find interest in the fact that the address of the maker of the new seal is, or was, 9 Dyers Buildings, Holborn, E.C.1. But they might conceivably like others to know—what one day they may even forget themselves if the historian does not assist them—that Matthew

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COLLINS

Arnold became a Fellow of Oriel in 1845. Ought not this escape of one more Balliol man to be recorded? Again, Johnson loved anecdotes. For these it is perhaps impertinent to ask in any large measure—and some capital ones are in fact buried in the masonry. Only sometimes our expectation is cheated. "In 1920," we read in Dr. Hassall's admirable account of Corpus, "T. H. Hughes added another story to the Common Room." But nothing follows. We realise that Mr. Hughes is an architect.

The women's colleges—so junior and so little provided with tankards and comfit-boxes—tell their stories with becoming brevity. But very good stories they are. The foundation of Lady Margaret Hall, Miss Madeline Southern records, was condemned by Dr. Liddon as "counter to the wisdom and experience of all the centuries of Christendom." Particularly alarming was the rumour that the Hall was to be named after Mr. Keble, since "nobody who knew Mr. Keble can doubt what he would have thought of bringing young women to Oxford." Even some of the ladies were doubtful. Miss Elizabeth Sewell thought "the competition with young men highly undesirable, and the unavoidable publicity in a place of comparatively small size dangerous to women at an age so open to vanity and excitement." Throughout the course of this vast book one has the sensation of watching Oxford slumbering and lumbering along through unchanging centuries. Yet here, in the final pages, it is accepting a revolution. The young women arrive. Dr. Liddon stops on. They rub shoulders in the streets today. Something of the continuing vitality of the university resides, surely, in these facts.

That the city must await in patience its celebration on the grand scale of the *Victoria History* makes Mrs. Fasnacht's book the more timely and welcome. It provides a scholarly and pleasantly written account of Oxford from its Saxon foundation and its expansion as a thriving medieval borough through its long subjection to the university and on to that fateful date when Morris Motors began to give employment independent either of the university or of a local market. The resulting transformation is apparent in the 1951 census, which revealed a population of 96,000 people—very few of whom, as Mrs. Fasnacht observes, can have local roots. It is apparent, too, in some of the delightful illustrations she provides: a flock of sheep in Broad Street in 1814, and Carfax in 1760 without a wheeled vehicle in sight. Within living memory many shops shut down in the Long Vacation, and the largest of them provided a special door to be entered only by the wives of Heads of Houses and of Canons of Christ Church. Here has been another revolution which the place has taken very well.

J. I. M. STEWART

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Starr Affair. By JEAN OVERTON FULLER. *Gollancz.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

This is an exciting little book, and impressively underwritten. It provides more evidence to support one's deepening suspicions that some of S.O.E.'s operations were either madly unfortunate or grotesquely misdirected. Captain Starr, a poster-artist married to a Frenchwoman and living before the war in Paris, was taken on by the French section of S.O.E. and parachuted into southern France with instructions that he was to pose to the French Resistance people as a food-expert. (Why? Because the French had asked for one.) He was caught not long afterwards in a routine round-up near Dijon, and shot in the thigh while trying to escape. At Gestapo, or rather Sicherheits Dienst H.Q. at the Avenue Foch, in Paris, he tried to play in a bit with the Germans, hoping to get information. One of the things he discovered very early on was, of course, the fantastic and alarming extent to which the Germans were aware of S.O.E.'s activities, controlling radio sets which sent messages back to London and collecting agents as they were dropped, like apples into an apron. Later, Starr, with a French colonel and "Madeleine"—the heroic young Indian girl radio operator whose real name was Noor Inayat Khan—tried to escape over the rooftops but were caught. Starr was sent to the extermination camp at Mauthausen; he survived and right at the end of the war managed to join up with some French who were being evacuated to Switzerland. Back in England, and also in France, he found himself regarded with a good deal of suspicion and classed as a borderline case, not a traitor but one who had definitely let the side down.

Miss Overton Fuller met Starr while collecting material for her book about Madeleine. She decided that he had been hard done by, and "made the subject of false report in London, probably, as he said, by those who had something to hide." She wrote this book, which describes both Starr's experiences and hers while making her investigations, to give him a square deal. She has tried to consider every possible aspect of a highly complicated situation in which nobody, probably, is capable of telling the exact truth. Several odd facts emerge; one of the oddest is that Colonel Buckmaster, Head of the French Section of S.O.E., should not have dealt at all in his book *Specially Employed* with the radios that were worked back.

Euripides: The Bacchae and Other Plays. Translated by PHILIP VELLACOTT. *Penguin Books.* 2*s.*

Euripides: Alcestis and Other Plays. Translated by PHILIP VELLACOTT. *Penguin Books.* 2*s.*

Of the arts which ripened in fifth-century Athens into that astonishing harvest on which the world has been feeding ever since, tragedy is the most remarkable. Developed in a hundred years from a pious "goat-song" chanted by a choric band dressed as devotees of Dionysus, it became in the hands of Euripides a drama of psychological tension that would not be seen again in the theatre till Shakespeare and of challenge to accepted ideas that would not be revived before Ibsen. These fabulous novelties Euripides fitted in among those superbly beautiful hymns in honour of the gods, in whom he certainly disbelieved, and of Athens from which he was to be a voluntary exile. The convention required the plays to be presented in trilogies, two or three of which were performed in a single day; an odd result of this is that each play is of just about the length we regard as suitable for a modern production.

Mr. Vellacott has a decisive view of the dramatic themes and the determination to make each sentence perfectly clear. Translating the iambic passages into prose and those written in more complex metres into a kind of simple poetry, he has been careful that everything should sound effective when it is spoken. These are versions of a scholar with a sense of language and of the theatre. The passion and the images of the poet are there and the beauty of his utterance is heard as if in an echo. One is reminded of André Gide's translation of *Hamlet*. Mr. Vellacott is more convicing in the close argument of *Ion* than, for example, in the ecstatic passages of *The Bacchae*—an ecstasy, he bids us believe in his preface, that the author despised. The prefaces are nicely provocative both of disagreement and of further reading.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,278

Set by Peter Pastmaster

The usual prizes are offered for an excerpt from *The Lime Grove Dunciad*. Limit, 16 lines. Entries by August 31.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,275

Set by Arthur Marshall

Competitors are invited to write the kind of letter that they least like to receive. Limit, 100 words. No subject banned, but not too many begging letters, please.

Report by Arthur Marshall

I decided, too late, that I ought to have said 150 words, but competitors managed splendidly on my stingy allowance. One gets tired of saying that the entry was both enormous and brilliant, but so it was. There were glittering gems of horror on all sides—chain letters, MS returns (a morbidly popular subject), amorous activity going agley, radio activity, unexpected guests, letters from school, medical and financial messes, etc. One realised, as never before, that the major part of one's correspondence is distasteful in the extreme.

Highly commended are Edward Blishen, Mrs. Hacker, D. W. Barker, Gerald Priestland, D. Dymchurch, John R. Kohr, J. E. R. Eadington, Terence Melican and Goodwill. I award a guinea each to John Davenport, for the most alarming letter, Teaboys, for the most nauseating, Mary Hottinger, for the most comical, M. L. for the most unsettling, Eric Swainson, for the most enraging, and A. J. R. for a tragic letter which has the sad ring of truth.

A line to tell you that Elias and Gerda Sczykmancz, the stomachologists, are on their way. Their English is only fair but they share your interest in music. He wrote those articles on the schlagzither and the streichzither in the *Sackbut*. She sings. They don't know a soul in London, but I told them you knew *tout le monde*—and his wife! They were unable to take any money out—it was difficult enough getting visas—but you'll be able to get things straightened out. Little Lubba is with them. You probably read about Veinblen's remarkable gaspodectomy last year? She is it.

JOHN DAVENPORT

Dear Man,

Although it is two-thirty, terribly, terribly late for little me, and you have just left me, I cannot sleep before writing a few short lines to my big stupid fellow. (Imagine me, curled up in a chair, in my "frilly thing"—silly boy!!—and dressing gown.)

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W.1. 3-rm. well-furn. 4th-fl. flat, 6gns. Option acquire unf. shortly. Box 434.

BOOK critic & wife offer single room, pleasant home. 45s. 6d. HAMpstead 8109.

COMFORTABLE bed-sitting room with all conveniences. 5 Stirling Mansions, 12 Canfield Gdns., N.W.6. MAI. 0157.

TWO rooms & kit., furnished, use bath, tel. Pleasant sit. Clapham South. Easy reach bus and tube. Box 375.

SPACIOUS one-room flatlet, all facilities concealed, service, quiet road between Swiss Cottage and Abbey Road. £2 17s. 6d. MAI. 2954 or 2496.

ST. John's Wood. Comf. room, bfast., bus. gentleman only. CUN. 7085 morn./evg.

THIRD wanted (f. 20/30) for Kensington Mews flat. £9 monthly, plus share fuel, telephone. Box 357.

HAMPSTEAD. Furn. 1-rm. flat with kit., double divan, Cozystove, Ascot, linen, crockery, 4 mins. City/W. End buses. No colour prejudice. 3gns. p.w. HOL. 6237.

EARLS Court, young woman wishes another share bed-sit./kit. 30s. p.w. Box 351.

HIGHGATE, 3 mins. Tube. Luxury divan room, new furniture, fitted carpet, concealed cooker in room. Use kit., bathroom (both with c.h.w.), gdn. Phone. Double £4. Also lge. sgle., as above, £3 5s. MOU. 9610.

ATTRACTIVE accommodation in large priv. flat nr. Finchley Rd. Tube Stn. & buses. One or two well-furn. rooms, const. hot water in adjoining bathroom, cooks. facs., own meters. Suit bus. or prof. people. 'Phone Saturday or Sunday only HAM. 7258.

SUNNY divan-bed-sit. C.H.W. Quiet household, suit prof. woman. GLA. 5131.

N.W.3 and 8. Furnished and unfurnished flats wanted and to let. The Flat Finder, 5 Pond St., N.W.3. HAM. 5804.

FOR exchange s/c. u/f. Kensington studio flat in private forecourt, controlled rent, for garden flat. Box 224.

EXCH. Bournemouth. Garden flat, for small flat, London. Abt. month from mid-Sept. Moss, 72 Wellington Rd., Bournemouth.

FULLY equipped bed-sitting rooms. Young people preferred. Bromley, Kent. Easy access London. Box 352.

FURN. accom. (perm.) offered in quiet Somerset coast village. Suit mother and child. Box 296.

FURN. thatched cottage on Eire coast, to June. 10s. p.w. Suit writer or artist. Reduction long let. Box 237.

GENTLEMAN requires accommodation with board, congenial family. Moderate terms. Kensington/Chelsea area. Box 388.

WANTED, partly furnished or unfurnished accommodation for woman teacher. Ealing, Chiswick, Richmond. Box 293.

ACC. req. Sept. (piano), 2 lady stud. Easy reach Royal College Music. Box 262.

WOMAN studying requires quiet divan-room from Sept. 5. Box 288.

UNIVERSITY lecturer reqs. unfurn./part furn. flat, Oct. 1 or before. Kensington or Hampstead preferred. Box 292.

WOMAN student seeks furnished accom. N. London from Sept. in exch. for some evg. and week-end services. Experienced with young children and babies. Box 295.

AFRICAN, Camb. grad., student banker reqs. comfortable board residence. Anywhere fairly central. Reas. rent. Box 349.

AMERICAN professor and wife require room (with twin beds), breakfast, use bath, Sept. 5-Oct. 5. Cambridge, pref. nr. The Molteno Institute. Box 328.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

WHAT are you reading? Join The Postal Library of Psychology, 48 Ring Road, Crossgates, Leeds, for interesting psychological works. Why not write for details?

AMERICAN Magazines by yearly postal subscription. National Geog. Magazine, 47s. 6d.; Life (Int.), 57s. 6d.; Popular Mechanics, 32s.; Popular Photography, 36s.; Complete Price List free. Thomas & Co. (N.S.N.), 111 Buchanan St., Blackpool.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

THE facts about Britain's electric power supply. Read "Power & Prosperity," obtainable through W. H. Smith & Son, Ltd., price 1s. or 1s. 3d. post paid from British Electricity Authority, P.R.20 N.S., Winsley St., London, W.1.

"A VOICE from Guatemala." Guillermo Toriello, Foreign Minister of Guatemala, makes a special Declaration on the eve of the U.S.-inspired invasion of his country. Exclusive to "Labour Monthly," August issue just out. 1s. 6d. all agents, or from NS., 134 Ballards Lane, London, N.3.

THE best gardeners of tomorrow read "The Gardener" today. Articles in the current number of this lively section of "The Farmer" include "Garden Work for the Summer"; "Getting Enough Compost Material"; "Try Some Salsify"; "Russian Comfrey Yield Contest"; "New Gardening Gadgets." Also many articles of general interest including "Stomachs to Spare"; "Planning a Holiday"; "Cakes from Potatoes and Oats." 2s. 6d. a copy or 10s. a year post free from "The Farmer," Ferne Farm, Shaftesbury, Dorset.

£1 paid: Borkenau, Communist Int'l; Rosenberg, Hist. Bolshevism. Wants list from Hammersmith Bookshop, W.6. Riv. 6807.

SCHOOLS

WELL-BALANCED preparation for the great School of Mankind—Life itself—is the aim of The New School, Kings Langley, Herts. While avoiding early specialisation the method (based on Rudolf Steiner principles) seeks to unfold individual faculties and gifts and to develop truly social impulses. Boys and girls, 6 to 18, received as day children or boarders at moderate fees. Number of vacancies now due to recent extensions.

NEW Sherwood School, Epsom, parent-owned, progressive and co-educational, encourages children to explore their world and master its skills with friendly co-operation rather than authoritarian pressure from staff and parents. We welcome enquiries from parents of genuinely progressive outlook who wish to take an active interest in the development of their children. Vacancies available for day pupils and two boarders.

A BOYS' Preparatory Boarding School, recognised as efficient by the Ministry of Education. Lovely setting amongst pinewoods on Suffolk coast, with excellent health record. Small classes allow for very thorough teaching methods on individual lines. Pleasant atmosphere and personal contact between boys and staff. Ideal surroundings for healthy outdoor life. Four acres of games field, private beach, swimming and sailing. Comprehensive prospectus. Sizewell Hall, Suffolk.

ST. Mary's Town and Country School. Day School: 38-40 Eton Avenue, Hampstead, N.W.3. PRI. 4306. Boarding School: Temporarily Hampstead. Boys and Girls. Recognised Ministry of Education. Realistic Modern Approach. Preparation for exams. E. Paul, Ph.D. R. D. Gardner, N.F.U.

SHERRARDSWOOD School, Welwyn Garden City, Hertfordshire. Recognised, Independent, Co-educational School. 250 children. Boarders 8-18. Sound education on broad lines to University standard. Curriculum according to individual ability. Vacancies for three girl boarders age 11-13 this September. Further particulars from the Headmaster.

SCHOLARSHIPS

LONDON Choir School, Bexley, Kent (under new direction), offers Choral Scholarships at London Churches. Voice Trials will be held at the School, Sept. 1. Full particulars from Secretary.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

THESES, MSS. typed promptly & accurately. Moderate charges. Box 9452.

MRS. Jolly will type or duplicate it for you. 26 Charing Cross Rd., W.C.2. TEM. 5588 and FRE. 8640.

DUPLICATING/typing/verbatim reporting. An efficient and express service. Please telephone BAY. 1786.

FIRST-class Duplctg./Typing serv. Dictation, Theses, MSS., etc. Confidential. Miss Stone, 446 Strand, W.C.2. TEM. 5984.

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ABBEY Secretarial Bureau, 157 Abbey House, Victoria St., S.W.1 (ABB. 3772). First-class typing. Rapid duplicating (in colours), circularising, theses, testimonials, etc.

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"THE Secretary." Literary MSS. of all kinds, Duplicating, Shorthand/Typing, Translations, 24 West Place, Wimbledon Common, S.W.19. WIMbledon 1273.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations, 24-hour duplicating service. 31 Kensington Church St., London, W.8. WEStern 5809.

HAVE YOU DRIVEN THE SHELL MILE?

The Shell Mile is the smoothest and liveliest distance between any two milestones. It is the most enjoyable, the least tiring, the shortest-seeming mile in the world. So it's hardly surprising that a million more Shell miles are driven every day than any other kind.

The thing that makes a Shell mile such an improvement on any ordinary mile is the new Ignition Control Additive (I·C·A) in Shell. I·C·A releases your engine's full smooth power from engine deposits that hold the power in. It prevents both pre-ignition and plug failure caused by deposits. The difference it makes is a revelation.

If you haven't yet driven the Shell mile, you're lucky in one thing at least — you have a great pleasure waiting for you.

TRY THE TWO-TANKFUL TEST

FIRST fill up with Shell with I·C·A. Do not expect an immediate improvement, for I·C·A needs time to work on your engine deposits.
SECOND fill up with Shell again. You will notice smoother running and fuller power. The time I·C·A takes to work varies, but its effects are unmistakable.

FILL UP AND FEEL THE DIFFERENCE

Darling, you are too modest. Even if you *are* fifty, your heart is young, and as for being " ever so slightly " drunk—what woman wants a man without any faults ?

One teeny favour, first-lover, please-please ! May I stand at your side, clear-eyed, brave, when you tell your wife . . .

TEABOYS

Seldwyla, the 31th of July, 1954

Dear Mrs. H.,

For your highly esteemed communication with enclosure, duly to hand, we express you our very hearty thanks. Also for prompt despatch. We see out of your letter, that you want to see through " proofs " (Korrekturbogen ?). But our Miss Huber, having passed one year in England, can English perfekt. So we give her your translation, for making all necessary changements and corrections, thus assuring the wished-for excellent style. We must therefore not exert you farther.

We thank you heartily for your cooperation and hitherto great endeavours, and wishing you joyous holiday,

We remain, dear Mrs. H.,
Yours truly,
SCHIMMEL & SCHIMMEL AG.,
SCHIMMELVERLAG.
p.p. Vreni Huber

MARY HOTTINGER

Dear Sir,

Im writing about our Nell which her mum says is proper as Im her dad. Nells a good girl and her mum says real refined as she was learnt at the modern school. She was took by her mum to doctor Sharpey who says as how things is what we suspecked. Nells loyal and no mistake she wouldnt tell your name before Mrs Parker had told our mum what she saw and no mistake. Natural I must speak man to man and will visit you according this week thanking you.

Yours respeckfull

M. L.

Dear Eric,

Can you meet me for lunch on Friday ? No, on second thoughts, make it Tuesday—that's tomorrow, isn't it ? Or rather, today to you, because you won't get this until tomorrow, which is—Oh ! how can you let me know ? It's no use 'phoning because I shall be out. You must tell me when I see you. But then I shan't see you until we meet. Isn't this *difficult* ? Shall we call it off ? I'll be there in any case. Thursday, we said, didn't we ? The Duke's Head—don't be late !

Charles

P.S. Bring Polly—or is it Ann ?

ERIC SWAINSON

16b Stimpsons Buildings,
Walworth.

Dear Sir,

You can have these Application Forms back because I don't intend my boy to try for the Scholarship. It's no use you stuffing him up with all that talk about his drawing and painting showing exceptional promise because the day he is allowed to leave school he goes out to work. He won't have time for Evening Classes neither because he is going to help me in the Fish Bar every night. I left school when I was 12 and if I had my way my boy wouldn't be at school now.

James Smith.

A. J. R.

CHESS: Sentry Lured from Duty.

No. 255

There are few things more pleasing for a chessplayer than to break through the pawn-formation guarding the opponent's K or, better still, to lure those pawns from their sentry duties at the expense of some pawns of one's own. As a case in point—and since it seems high time again for a Readers' Own—here is a position achieved by P. C. Wason (Black) in a correspondence match against an Iceland player.

(1)	P-K4	P-K3
(2)	P-Q4	P-Q4
(3)	P-K5	P-QB4
(4)	P-QB3	Kt-QB3
(5)	Kt-B3	Q-Kt3
(6)	B-K2	PxP
(7)	PxP	KKt-K2
(8)	P-QKt3	Kt-B4
(9)	B-Kt2	B-Kt5 ch
(10)	K-B1	B-Q2
(11)	P-Kt3	O-O
(12)	K-Kt2	P-B3
(13)	Kt-R3?	KKtxQP!
(14)	KtxKt	PxKP
(15)	Kt-B3	P-K5
(16)	R-KB1	PxKt ch

(17)	BxP	R-B2
(18)	Kt-B2	B-Q3
(19)	Kt-Q4?	B-K4
(20)	KtxKt	BxB
(21)	QR-Kt1	B-KB3
(22)	resigns	

White obviously had to sacrifice the exchange and lost the ending owing to Black's passed KtP. Another chessbook token goes to J. D. Taylor who sent me a neat little game he won in a Postal Chess Club Junior Championship; he comments modestly that he owes the victory to p. 110 of Nimzowitsch's " My System " rather than his own prowess. (My own comment is that erudition is the next best thing to intuition.)

Here, finally, is a position in which H. Courtney forced a quick win like this.

(1)	R-Q5	(5) R-Kt3	P-KB4
(2) R-QB1	KtxP!	(6) RxP	R(6)xB ch
(3) PxKt	R(1)xP ch	(7) RxR	RxQR
(4) B-K3	R-Q6	(8) resigns	

The 4-pointer, this week, is a problem for a change, a 2-mover easy enough even for beginners. It is, incidentally, its author's first attempt at problem composition. As for C. J. Morse, of course, he is getting to be quite an old hand at composition. This time he offers us a 6-mover, and it should be none too difficult for 6 ladder-points. **C**—White to draw—is this week's only item for which I have to stray outside the family circle. It should be no bargain for 7 points.

A: A. C Douglas 1954

B: C. J. Morse 1954

C: Leonid Kubbel 1927

Usual prizes. Entries by August 30.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 252. Set July 31

A: (a) *Key:* Q x Kt ch. (b) *Key:* Q x B ch. (c) (1) Q-B4 ch, Q x Q. (2) B-K4 ch, Q x B mate. (d) (1) Q-R6 ch, followed by Kt-K2 ch.

B: White's last move KBP x Kt = Kt is taken back. (1) K-R6 forces (1) . . . Kt x B mate.

C: The Black pawns must have made two captures. Hence one White piece or P is redundant; remove any, and immediate mate is possible.

D: (1) P-QR4. (2) P-Q4. (3) P-KR4. (4) Q-Q2. (5) Q-KB4. (6) KtKB3. (7) Kt-QR3. (8) Kt-Q2. (9) Kt-K4. (10) Kt-QB4. (11) R-QR3. (12) R-K3. (13) R(1)-R3. (14) KR-KB3. (15) P-KKt3. (16) B-KR3 and whatever Black now moves, he is mated in 2.

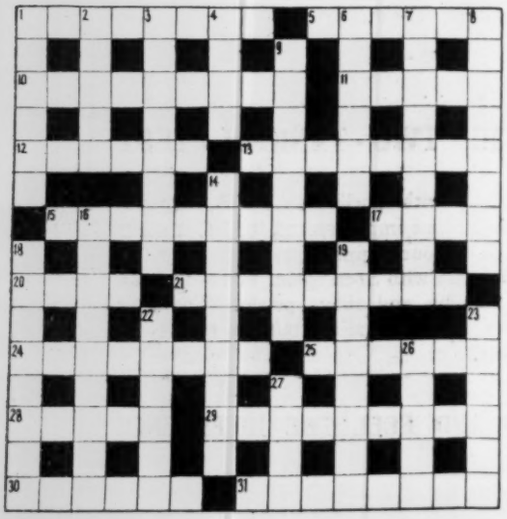
E: (1) K-B5, P-Kt6. (2) K-Kt4, P-Kt7. (3) K-R3, P-Kt8 = B. (4) K-Kt2 if (3) . . . P = Q or R (4) P-Kt7 ch, K any (5) P queens, etc.

F: (1) R-B2 ch, K-R8. (2) P-K7, R-K6. (3) R x P!, R-K8 ch. (4) K-B2, K-R7. (5) R-B7!, P-R4. (6) K-Q3! etc.

Many competitors found some neat short cuts to **D**, but a good many were stumped by one or the other of the more difficult pieces. Less than a dozen flawless entries. Prizes shared by Gerald Abrahams, D. E. Cohen, Leslie Hale, C. Sandberg. ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 114

Prizes : Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 114, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Aug. 31.



ACROSS

1. Leave water on the coating (8).
5. Advice to back the favourite for a long band of cloth (6).
10. Declares if that is in certain cricket matches (9).
11. Each year a gentleman gets a return for capital (5).
12. Design of a lawgiver (6).
13. Peacock's note (8).
15. For washing I come into a midland town amid sailors (9).
17. Administer a rebuff by returning the food (4).
20. Rum scenes may be seen from it (4).
21. For father to reign perhaps is foreign (9).
24. It is of importance to marry and get back a place fit for animals to live in (8).
25. Precepts for dwarfs (6).
28. Camp without a banner? (5)
29. The artist's model has unprofessional physical shape (9).
30. The pupil does not quite make up the number (6)
31. Sacks the desk workers (8).

DOWN

1. A murderer's wife, I am embraced by a plump matron (6).
2. Flowers which are used to water (5).
3. Apparently the fiend has no desire to play the hand so I prepare to deal the next (8).
4. Bag a pet bird (4).
6. " —— my Fall to Sin " (Fitzgerald) (6).
7. God encircles a hidden throne in the temple (9).
8. Try the railway; the chemists use it (8).
9. Perhaps the sergeant died, cut off (9).
14. In the whole series of lessons in Latin he is afraid of the competent (9).
16. Piece of music for a ballgame (9).
18. Girl who shows that she is married and I am single (8).
19. Wave a weapon and there is a confused din among the impetuous (8).
22. Accent of a born rascal (6).
23. Trees like enclosures (6).
26. This department gives me experience (5).
27. She is camouflaged in the army (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 112

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 112

Mrs. Stevenson (Lymm), E. J. Redmond (London, W.C.1.), David Wendon (Lowestoft).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

INDEPENDENT Television Authority. The Independent Television Authority invites applications for the following, to act as chief assistants to the Director General: Deputy Director General; Chief Engineer; Solicitor; Director of Administration and Finance; Director of Programme Contracts. Reply stating age and qualifications to the Chairman, c/o General Post Office, Headquarters, E.C.1.

BOROUGH of Swindon. Appointment of Administrative Assistant, Social Development Section. Applications are invited for the post of Administrative Assistant in the Social Development Section of the Town Clerk's Department. The salary will be in accordance with A.P.T. III of the National Scales (£550-£595). A Social Development Section is being built up to meet the social problems arising from the designation of Swindon as a town suitable for expansion under the Town Development Act, 1952, and in particular to meet the need to integrate incoming population with the existing community. The situation thus offers ample scope for work in a new and interesting field of social activity. Applicants should have a general knowledge of social work and some administrative and committee experience. Preference will be given to persons in possession of a recognised Social Science qualification. Specific duties will include administrative responsibility, under the Social Development Officer, for work in connection with existing community centres, Old People's Welfare, Accident Prevention, Musical Festival, etc. Applications, on forms obtainable from the Town Clerk, Civic Offices, Swindon, must be returned not later than Sept. 4, 1954.

MIDDLESEX County Council, Education Ctee. Senior Psychiatric Social Worker I required initially at Heston & Isleworth Child Guidance Centre. M.H. Cert. of L.S. of E. or equivalent. Exper. essential. Salary as P.T.A. Circ. 17 at appropriate point on scale. Prescribed conditions. Application forms (stmpd. add. env.) from Borough Education Officer, Education Office, 6 Lampton Rd., Hounslow, Mx., returnable by Sept. 3 (quote N.969 NS). Canvassing disqualifies.

APPLICATIONS are invited from qualified men and women for appointment as Social Worker to the Birmingham Public Health Department Psychiatric Social Service at a salary in accordance with A.P.T. Grade III (£550 × £15—£595 per annum). The work involves intensive case work with families in difficulties and/or individuals with mental health problems. The person appointed would specialise according to aptitude and experience. Minimum qualification Social Science Degree/Diploma and/or Mental Health Certificate. Experience in the field would be an advantage. Applications, giving full details of age, experience and qualifications to be sent to the Medical Officer of Health, Council House, Birmingham, 3, not later than August 28, 1954.

ASSISTANT Occupational Therapist (Female) required. Candidates should possess a recognised qualification. National Whitley Council Salary Scale. Established, pensionable, subject to medical examination. Applications, giving full details of age, experience, etc., with names of three referees, to Physician Superintendent, St. Bernard's Hospital for Nervous and Mental Disorders, Southall, Middlesex.

LONDON County Council requires Assistant Home Help Organiser (temporary staff) for duty in first instance in an area of South-East London. Energy and ability to manage staff required. Expce. in running a domestic help or similar social service desirable. Salary £446 5s. × £31 17s. 6d. to £573 15s., commencing according to quals. and expce. Applcn. form and details from Divisional Medical Officer, Division 6, St. Paul's House, Deptford High Street, S.E.8. Closing date Sept. 2. (1083)

STAFF able to care for young healthy children required for Sarah Laski Children's Home. Congenial post. Apply Matron, 38 St. Mary's Road, Manchester, 8. CHEatham Hill 2058.

PART-time youth leader required for Mixed Youth Club in West London. At present 3 nights a week during school terms, £120 p.a. Experience an advantage, but not essential. Apply Sanders, 147, Wendell Rd., W.12.

YOUTH Leaders wanted for Co-operative Youth Movement local groups—Playways (7-11 years), Pathfinders (11-15 years), and Youth Clubs (15-20 years)—meeting one evening weekly for about 45 weeks a year commencing September. For application form and further details write, Education Department, South Suburban Co-operative Society, Ltd., 62 Croydon Rd., Penge, London, S.E.20.

REQUIRED, Sept., experienced, enthusiastic, teacher of one or more: music, art, drama, dance; willing to share life of small co-ed. boarding school. J. M. Aitkenhead, Kilquhanity House, Castle-Douglas, Scotland.

INTELLIGENT sec.-typist, bilingual English/German, reqd. for stud. exchange organisation, Sept. 1 for 3-4 mths. Box 346.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

B.B.C. requires Turkish Programme Organiser (British) to take charge of Turkish Section. Duties include planning and supervision of programmes in Turkish to Turkey, allocation of duties to Programme Assistants, writing and editing of scripts, study of conditions in Turkey and reactions there to B.B.C. broadcasts. Up-to-date knowledge of Turkey and interest in and understanding of contemporary international affairs with special reference to S.E. Europe and Near East developments are necessary. Knowledge of Turkish language a considerable asset. Administrative experience desirable. Salary £990 p.a. (may be higher if qualifications and experience exceptional) rising by 5 annual increments to £1,320 p.a. maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "362. N.Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. within 5 days.

THE Council of Industrial Design requires Senior Officers to cover each of the following industries: (a) Pottery (b) Textiles (c) Cutlery and Flatware. An interest in industrial design and experience of the managerial, buying, sales or design side of the industry concerned essential. Starting salary £910-£1,040 rising to £1,136 or £1,180-£1,270, rising to £1,408 according to experience. Women's rates somewhat lower. Contributory pension scheme. Write (stating industry) for further information and application form to The Establishment Officer, Tilbury House, Petty France, S.W.1.

ASST. Accountant (young man or woman) for interesting vacancy in Architectural/design office. Experience essential in salaries, cash and maintenance of accounts, to trial balance preferred. Apply in writing to Design Research Unit, 37 Park Street, London, W.1.

CLUB Leader required in September or early October for Girls' and Women's section of Pleasance Trust Social Centre in Edinburgh. House available. Write with qualifications to Box 428, Woolward Advertising, 86a George Street, Edinburgh.

OXFORDSHIRE County Council. Children's Care Committee. Resident Foster Mothers required for Children's House in Oxfordshire. Salary £350 by £15 to £410 per annum, less £108 per annum board and lodging charge. Preference will be given to Home Office training or some other recognised qualifications. All appointments superannuable and subject to medical examination. Application forms obtainable from County Children's Officer, 103 Banbury Road, Oxford. Gerald Gale Burkitt, Clerk of the Council, County Hall, Oxford.

BRENTWOOD Recuperative Centre for Mothers and Children (Marple, Cheshire): General Assistant wanted for mid-September to help in all departments as required. Excellent opportunity to obtain experience in this important social work. Commencing salary between £150 and £180 per annum (according to experience) plus full residential emoluments. Apply with full details, Secretary, Selnec House, Manchester 14.

LARGE Boys' Club (Jewish) in N.E. London wishes to appoint full-time Leader. The post offers scope to a person of initiative and organising ability. Details of age and experience should be addressed to Box 344.

HEAD Cook wanted for boarding school in Yorkshire. Salary up to £300 for well-recommended person. Eight weeks' holiday annually. Wennington School, Wetherby.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society. Male Secretary reqd., part-time, for organising lectures, discussions & other activities. Reply, giving age and details of exp., to Hon. Treas., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1.

WANTED, trained graduate coach Entrance English, French, Latin 4 mornings p.w., pleasant divisions average 5 girls, aged 10-15, London. Box 336.

COMMERCIAL artist freelance experienced (first class), 9-11 a.m. MOU. 1858.

REQUIRED: young teacher or stud. (male) to guide 11½-year boy in his homework, 3 weekday afternoons or 2 weekdays and Sunday mornings. (Hampstead.) Apply Box R.307, 110 Old Broad St., E.C.2.

VACANCY for clerk/book-keeper (woman), interested housing and social work. N.W. London. 5 day week; good holidays and conditions. Salary according to qualifns. Apply: Mrs. Barclay, 118 Eversholt St., N.W.1.

SHORTHAND and Copy Typists wanted for interesting temporary work by the day or week. Generous salary and bonuses. Apply Staff Manager, GERrard 1069.

JUNIOR secretary, keen, intelligent, good shorthand/typing, required by firm of architects, beginning September. Young, cheerful office expanding rapidly, opportunities for promotion. Box 341.

SURGEON wishes to engage secretary who has experience of medical work and is willing to devote time to compilation of case records. Part or whole time. Box 193.

UNIVERSITY lecturer with twins aged 4 requires resident Mother's help; country 50 miles London; possible mother with child or foreign student. Reply Box 282.

EXPD. sec. shthnd. correspondent, able work own initiative, small office manufrs. & exporters of educational & engineering lines. Closed Jewish hols. Write Convex, 41 Brecknock Rd., N.7. Nr. Camden Town.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

EXPERIENCED Secretaries and shorthand typists wanted for temporary work on our Emergency Staff; 10-5, no Sats. £7. - Introductions to good perm. posts without fee. Dutton's Secretarial Service, 92 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. Ring Miss Topham, MUS. 7379.

WORKING housekeeper reqd. by prof. man with daughter 11. Occasional daily help. Ruislip, Midx. Commencing Aug. Box 121.

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. All office staff, perm. and temp. Typewriting; duplicating. TRAfalgar 9090.

GIRL of attractive appearance, possibly student, with scientific knowledge, wanted to explain steriophonic sound problems to journalists and others. Temporary appointment. Apply Box 441.

ITALIAN married Australian seeks help for 3 children under four. Village ½ hour Milan. Write Gnecchi, Inzago (Milano).

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

PIONEER work welcomed. Talented musician, 49, B.A. (Cantab.), A.R.C.M., much experience adult education, requires post as music director. Choral orchestral conductor, composer, pianist, lecturer, Italian-trained singing teacher. Special interest: training orchestral, choral groups and production of original works. Box 299.

YOUNG man (26), educated, sophisticated, intelligent, well-informed music, literature & theatre (also admirable prose stylist & fairly gd. typist) desires position as personal secretary to author, writer, musician, artist or similar congenial situation. Box 199.

ESCAPED teacher, m., 24, dexterous, civilised sks. conative interesting post. Box 389.

EXPD. grad. secretary free evenings, own typewriter. BRI. 5609 after 7 p.m.

EXPD. school secretary seeks post Sept. Co-educational/boys school, London/South Eastern Counties pref. Box 162.

PUBLIC Relations man (31) at present representing Civic theatre, seeks change offering wider opportunities rather than larger salary. London area pref'd. Exper. of publicity, public speaking, press relations, etc. Enthusiasm and initiative. Box 66.

MAN (24), ex-Cambridge, seeks job on Continent from October. Experienced farming, but any work considered. Box 263.

EXPD. woman caseworker (under 60) seeks post Sept./Oct., pref. outside Cen. London, but Home/Sn. Counties. Hons. degree, soc. trng., exp. mental health, child care, family casework. Res./non-res. Box 273.

ADAPTABLE highly qual. Anglo-French woman sks. interesting post anywhere, research, literature, journalism, archæology, philosophy, medical, religions, travel. Box 173.

EXPD. Secretary sh./typist, now an economics student, desires whole/part-time secretarial post in this field. Box 420.

CANADIAN war widow, experienced journalist, aged 38, B.A., seeks part-time bookish job: writing, editing, library. Can type; speaks and reads French. Box 354.

IS any employer looking for nigh perfect secretary? Quest now ended—contact Chertsey 2527 or Box 363.

NURSING Sister, R.M.N., middle age, 6 years' exp. psychoneuroses, linguist, prog. outlook, interested non-orthodox therapy, seeks congenial post. Suggestions appreciated. Excellent testimonials. Box 353.

EXPERIENCED secretary free occasionally. ARC. 1765/MOU. 1701.

EMPLOYERS requiring well-trained junior secretary/shorthand-typists are invited to apply to the Langham Secretarial College, 18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 2905.

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

JUSTINS Country Guest House, Bodiam, Sussex—with spacious, sunny rooms in secluded position close by historic castle, welcomes guests from Aug. 28. Buses pass drive. Terms from 21s. daily. Tel. Staplecross 228. Mr. Grahame James.

RECUPERATION at Higham Health Centre in 20 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure, Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sussex. Robertsbridge 126.

ROTTINGDEAN, Nr. Brighton. Famous old seaside and downland village. Old Norton House, on the old-world Green. Friendly atmosphere, good food, sunny rooms. New, but already with a reputation. From 8gns. Brochure. Prop.: D. Chapman, M.P.

THE Continental, St. Leonards-on-Sea, member Hastings Socialist Hoteliers' Assn., invites your patronage. (Illus. brochure.)

WORTHING—delightfully situated home of poet Henley, acre sheltered garden. Bedside lights, fires, H/C. Ample fare, varied, well cooked, well served. Own produce, garage and parking. No extras. 6-7gns. St. George's Lodge, Chesswood Rd. Tel. 2621.

LAKES Charm. old mans. Beaut. view. Mod. con. Reas. Croft Hotel. Ambleside 2334.

SWANAGE. Veget. Guest House overlkg. sea. Continental ckg. Children welc. Vacs. Broch.: "Waveney," Park Rd. Tel. 2804.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

TANKERTON-on-Sea. Fiveways Hotel, the resort of discriminating folk. In large sheltered gdns.; near sea. Sunny bdrms., h. & c.; excellent cuisine. Easy reach Canterbury. Kingsdown Park, Tankerton, Kent. Tel. Whitstable 3243.

DO you seek a stay in attractive cottage with garden, beautiful walks and Continental food? You find it 40 miles from London. 6½gns. p.w. Sunset Cottage, Clovelly Rd., Hindhead. Tel. 548.

CORNWALL. Carnododman Guest House, Gerrans, Portscatho on lovely Roseland Peninsula, has some vacs. for Sept. and Oct. Please write for broch. or tel. Roseland 38.

EDINBURGH. Accommodation assured or arranged. Atholl Hotel, 16 Rothesay Place, 3. 'Phone 31905.

BEAUTIFUL Sussex. Relax in peaceful countryside within reach Eastbourne. Good food. Comfy beds. Spacious grounds. Te Whare Hotel, Horam. Tel. 32.

BETWS-y-Coed District. Picturesque house beautifully situated above the colourful mountain Valley of the Lledr. Modern comfort; continental cooking. From 7gns. Bwlch Bach Guest House, Pont-y-Pant, Dolwyddelan, Caerns. Dolwyddelan 220.

OLD Sussex Village. Comfortable accom. and good country food at Blenheim Farm, Robertsbridge. Riding stables attached; 5gns. wk. Summer 6gns. Robertsbridge 148.

BOURNEMOUTH. Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel. 1944. 33 rms. 200 yds. sea front. Gdns., Putting Green, Garages. Superlative food. 8-9gns. weekly, 7gns. winter.

RYE. The Hope Anchor. R.A.C., A.A. approved. Licensed. Secluded walled garden. Superb position in a lovely centre for holidays. Rye 2216.

CHARMOUTH House, Charmouth, Dorset. Tel. 19. The small hotel for people of discrimination. Some vacancies from mid-September. Special winter terms Nov.-May.

LITTLE Guide to Britain's recommended Village Inns, Hotels, Farms, Guesthouses. The Bide-a-While Book, 3s. 6d., postage 3d. Victor Hilton (NS), Harbourside, Torquay.

BIDEFORD, North Devon. "Coombe Walter," Abbotsham. Guests received (picnic lunch, from July to October). Terms from 5gns.; also furnished flat to let, suitable for quiet couple. Mrs. B. M. Harris.

CORNWALL. Farmhouse, mod. con. lovely Fowey valley 4 miles sea. Good food. B. & B. & supper. 5gns. Brown, Lower Milltown Farm, Lostwithiel 260.

VISIT the Lake District to see its glorious Autumn colourings Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, Keswick, set amongst beautiful lake and mountain scenery, offers comfort, good food and friendly atmosphere. Anne Horner. Tel. Keswick 508.

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead, on the edge of Ashdown Forest, gives you comfort, good food and a friendly atmosphere. Club licence. The best air in Sussex and a little spoiling work wonders if you have been ill. Sharpthorne 17.

ISLE of Wight Guest House, own beach, safe sea bathing, 23 acres (5 reserved for nudism). H. & C., electric light, indoor sanitation, fresh-water pool. Reduced terms children. Brochure (stamp) from N. S. Critchard, Woodside, Wootton, Ryde, I.W.

BUCKS. "Tapping House" Hotel, Great Missenden. A charming XVIIth-cent. house in the lovely Chiltern Hills just 1 hr. from London. Noted speciality for absolute comfort, excellent food and warmth. All bedrooms h. & c. and cent. heated. Tel. 2516.

IDEAL for late Autumn holidays, "Chantry Mead," Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford (Hatfield Heath 263), offers good food, comfortable bedrooms with H. & C. & gas/elec. fires; cosy evenings round the fire.

"TO be my constant companion on every journey by road henceforth. Could any secular book be more precious?" John Connell, Evening News, "The Good Food Guide, 1954," contains recommendations by Good Food Club members of over 800 places throughout Britain which serve a good meal at a reasonable price. Published by Cassell, 5s.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

LONDON, S.E.3, adjoining Greenwich Park, New Statesman bought well-built freehold house and divided it into four flats for members of its staff. To any educational or similar body or any firm wanting property for same purpose offer will be at cost. Particulars from Secretary, The Statesman & Nation Publishing Co., Ltd., 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. 'Phone HOLborn 8471.

REGENT'S Park. Double mews house, ideal for painter, musician. Lounge, 2 studios, bedroom, dinette, k. b., C.H., garage. About 8 years' Crown lease, usually renewable, £150 p.a. incl. Lease & fittings £1,750. Brittain & Co., HAM. 5804.

BERKELEY Cour. de luxe, 1951, good cond., on farm site, best offer over £350. Henley Park Farm, Normandy, Surrey. Tel. Normandy 2187.

BARGAIN, ideal for institution or Guest House, Highgate Village. Period House & Cottage, total 20 rms., mod. fire escape, 5 bathrms. £2,800 cash + £5,500 trustees' mortgage. View 190 Highgate Hill. CHA. 7000.

ENTERTAINMENTS

UNITY Theatre (EUS. 5391). Dekker's "Shoemaker's Holiday." Fri., Sat., Sun., 7.30. (Membership 2s. 6d. p.a.)

IRVING Th., Leic. Sq. WHI. 8657. Ntly. ex. Mon., 10.30, Sun. 9.30. "Late Night Party." Mems. 10s. yr. incl. Guest Ticket.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until Aug. 22: "Outcast of the Islands" (A). From Aug. 23: "Passport to Pimlico" (U). From 26: "Whisky Galore" (A).

NATIONAL Film Th., S. Bank. Wat. 3232. Sat., Aug. 21, Rex Harrison, Linda Darnell in "Unfaithfully Yours" (A). Dir.: Preston Sturges. 2, 4, 6, 8. Open to public.

PEOPLE'S Pal. ADV. 3520. Sun., Aug. 22, 7.30, "Doctor Knock" (A) France.

10TH Anniversary Liberation of Rumania Celebrations. Holborn Hall, Fri., Aug. 20, 7.30. Dave Bowman, Dundee railwayman just back from Rumania. Internat. artists. Rumanian music. Refrshmts. Adm. free.

CONCERTS

HENRY Wood Promenade Concerts. Diamond Jubilee Season. Royal Albert Hall. Nightly (Sundays excepted) at 7.30 until Sat., Sept. 18. Tickets: 8s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d. at Hall (KEN. 8212) and Agents. 2,000 Promenade (with seating for 440), 2s. 6d., available nightly at doors only.

2ND Bath Bach Festival, October 9-16. 14 concerts. 34 soloists. Complete Brochure from Bach Festival Secretary, Bath. (2½d. Stamp).

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. post free.

GERHARD Marcks. Open-air exhibition of Sculpture. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till Sept. 4. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6. Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Admission free.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover St., W.1. "Items for Collectors"; sculptures, paintings and drawings. Daily 11-6. Closed Sundays. Adm. free.

ZWEMMER Gallery, 26 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Artists Under Forty. Aug. 5-Sept. 11. 10 a.m.-6 p.m. inc. Sats.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Summer Exhibition of 1954. Hours 10—6, Sat. 10—1. Closes Aug. 28.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood, London. Exhibition of early Wedgwood. Admission free. Weekdays 10-7, Sundays 2.30-7. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Green stations.

SCULPTURE In The Open Air. Holland Park, Kensington High St. Daily 10—dusk. Admission 1s. 3d., Children 9d.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton Street, W.1. Selection from the Young Contemporaries. First Sculpture Exhibition, H. Dalwood. Opening August 24.

A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., Leicester Sq. South Australian Painters. Daily 11-6, Sats. included. Also Picture Hire.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Pl., W.1. Summer Exhibition. 10-5.30. Sat. 10-1.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. Regency Exhibition. Royal Plate from Buckingham Palace. The State and Private Apartments completely furnished. New restorations and exhibits. 10 to 8 daily inc. Sunday.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

ABBE Pierre, Odd Nansen, Prof. Josué de Castro, the Hon. K. A. Gbedemah, Prof. Alexander Haddow, Jim Pitman, M.P., and the Rt. Hon. Clement Davies, Q.C., M.P., speak at World Government meeting, Central Hall, Westminster, Thursday, September 9, 1954, at 7 p.m., Chairman Gilbert McAllister. Admission free. Reserved seats 5s. and 2s. 6d., available from Secretary-General, World Association of Parliamentarians for World Government, 21 Hampstead Lane, Highgate Village, N.6.

THE Linguists' Club. Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8. August 28 at 6 p.m. M. Jean Matrat: "Christophe Colomb et la Television française."

PYTHAGOREAN Society Lecture by Dr. Lowengard on Graphology at Caxton Hall, August 27, 7.30. Admission 2s.

YOGA, Caxton Hall. Lectures will resume September 7. Arranged by Shanti Sadan. Admission free.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2. Public Lecture, Sundays, 8 p.m. August 22: "Historical and Spiritual Cycles."

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

FOURTH World Parliamentary Conference on World Government at County Hall, London, Sept. 4-10, 1954. Full particulars from Secretary-General, World Association of Parliamentarians for World Government, 21, Hampstead Lane, Highgate Village, N.6 (FITzroy 0088).

COURSES of Study. Founded in 1887. University Correspondence College prepares students for General Certificate, London Univ. Degrees, Professional Prelim., Law, etc. Low fees; instalments. Pros. from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

LONDON University Extension Lectures: Diploma in Sociology. 4-year course at the Institute for the Study and Treatment of Delinquency. 1st year: Social History of Modern Britain. 2nd year: Social Structure of Contemporary Britain. 3rd year: Social Philosophy. 24 weekly lectures from September 27. Fee: £1 per course. 4th year: Criminology and the Psychology of Delinquency. 26 lectures. Fee: 30s. Apply Assistant General Secretary, I.S.T.D., 8 Bourdon St., Davies St., W.1.

DARTINGTON Music School, Director of Music, John Clements, F.R.C.O., provides a full-time general musical education for performers and teachers, with individual tuition in voice and instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music, ensemble playing and choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Arts Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

BRAZIERS Park, Ipsden, Oxon. Send a card for six months "Preview" of weekend courses & autumn/winter schools (incl. Painting & Sketching, Music, Dance & Drama, Lit. & Lang. studies, Social Psychology, etc.).

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. GERrard 8531-2. All Foreign Languages taught in day and evening classes or private lessons; beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

PUBLIC speaking. Evening courses. Lectures with practice. From Sept. 29. Details and prospectus, Mr. Miles-Brown, Speech Consultant, 38 Wigmore St., W.1. WIM. 2482.

MARLBOROUGH Gate Secretarial College, 62 Bayswater Rd., W.2. Tel. PAD. 3320. Director: H. R. Light, B.Sc., F.C.I.S. Comprehensive training for high-grade secretarial appointments for students of good general education. Appointments Bureau. Prospectus on application to Secretary.

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RUSSIAN. Beginners & adv. Coaching for all exams. by exper. Russian instructor, formerly University lecturer. Bor 9515.

GIRLS who wish to perfect their languages with a view to working abroad are recommended to train at St. Godric's College for Secretaries and Linguists, where they will have excellent facilities for studying both languages and secretarial work and for meeting students from all over the world. Intensive Courses for university graduates. Day and residential students. Canteen. Courses Sept. 1 & 28. Apply J. W. Loveridge, M.A.(Cantab.), St. Godric's College, 2 Arkwright Rd., Hampstead, London.

THE Mentor for Languages, English and Foreign. Tuition, all grades by converstn.; low fees, pay as you learn; enrol daily 1-9.30 p.m. 11 Charing Cross Rd. (opp. Garrick Theatre). TRA. 2044.

NATURE Cure Training. The Edinburgh School of Natural Therapeutics. There is still time to enroll. New session begins this autumn. Full particulars and preliminary requirements from the Secretary, Kingston, Edinburgh, 9. "Nature Cure from the Inside" by post 8s.

ERIC de Peyer teaches the Alexander Method at 7 Wellington Square, S.W.3. (SLO. 3141.) Specially valuable for overtension, postural faults leading to back troubles & faulty breathing incl. asthma.

EXPERT Tuition in interpretation and technique of pianoforte playing.—Leschetizky Method. Tanya Polunin, L.R.A.M. BAY. 2816.

PERSONAL

DOMESTIC help wanted, cooking and light housework during winter months, starting October, in graduates' household Bucks country. Station 35 mins. London. Own bed-sit., part-time work for part of time if preferred. Might suit writer. Box 192.

LADY, 50, University, domesticated, drives, types, seeks position offering happy home to daughter 13. Box 180.

BARTS. student with negligible income seeks quiet home while studying for finals (from mid-October). Box 170.

L.S.E. stud. (m.) offers serv., nom. rent, exch. quiet acc. London. Perm. Box 377.

THREE students (architectural) seek another driver. Italian tour Aug. 27-Sept. 19. FLAxman 9520.

WEEK-END drawing and painting in unspoilt surroundings near London; comf. accom., single/double rooms, no meal worries. Tuition if required, by expd. artists. (Beginners/Advanced, Amateur/Prof.). Box 236.

WANTED resident job in family by capable and intelligent young mother where 8-year-old daughter is welcomed. Box 289.

2 educ. women, 28 & 29, SRN. & secretary, offer services as comp.; to adults or children or in trained capacities in pt. ex. passage to Canada (or N.Y.), in Oct. Box 287.

COUNTRY House. North. Offer Divan room, Outhouses. Artist or Craftswoman. Mutual help. Box 268.

AUTUMN Painting & Sketching: see Braziers Park, under "Lecture Courses."

A FOREIGN language an asset: practical training in children's care and light house duties for young ladies arranged au pair with pocket money in excellent French families for 6/12 months. Educ. Touring Serv., 10 Exhibition Road, London, S.W.7.

GENTLEWOMAN, 27, wishes short/long period abroad, secretary (trained), driver, interested Arts, antiques, teaching English, nursing exper. Suggestions welc. Box 175.

FRENCH Riviera, paying guest recd. in comf. flat facing sea, garden, nr. Monte Carlo & Menton. Bed & breakfast, 25,000 frc. monthly, full pension by arrangement. Box 290.

TRAVEL Companionship offered by 2 female students, 1 S.R.N. London/Paris, Aug. 25/28. Paris/Nice, Aug. 30. Box 270.

FRENCH Riviera parties 3/4 persons met Channel steamer priv. car liberty choose own route & halts. Return journey if desired. Bi-lingual chauffeur. Mod. £ terms. Box 356.

SPAIN: Lift wanted, share expenses. Telephone SHE. 4773.

GENTLEMAN requires French conversation lessons by native French teacher, evenings. Box 338.

MAJORCA. Ideal autumn, sunny flat, heated lounge, sleep 5. Maid. FLA. 8567.

SPAIN, Costa Brava, informal, unherded, small party or independent. Mid-September. Spain Travel, 19 Woburn Sq., W.C.1.

SPAIN, Tossa, Sitges, 15 days, small mixed informal unherded party. Mid-September. Spain Travel, 19 Woburn Square, W.C.1.

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PERSONAL—continued

APPLICS. invited from amateur choral singers for unaccompanied choir rehearsing Tues. evgs. in Central London, starting Sept. 21. Season's work to include a Byrd Mass & a Bach Motet. Please write, stating exp.: J. Dixon, 162 Westbourne Grove, W.11.

SUNSHINE Holidays: Follow the sun with one of our informal parties to Yugoslavia or Austria (August 27 or Sept. 10), Andorra and Costa Brava (August 28), Majorca (Sept. 25) or Italy (Sept. 4, 18 and October 2). Erna Low Travel Service, 47(NS) Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

EDINBURGH Festival: We can still include you in our party, Aug. 28 to Sept. 4, £19 17s. 6d. inclusive of 4 Festival Tickets, rail travel from London, Hotel accommodation with breakfast. Erna Low, 47(NS) Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

SPEECH Consultant. All problems. Miles-Brown, 38 Wigmore St., W.1. WIM. 2482.

SPEAK French, short intensive crse. basic conversatn. 11 Charing X Rd. (opp. Garrick Thtre.). Open 1-9.30 p.m. TRA. 2044.

ADPHONES. If you want to buy or sell anything privately. Any and every article for you and your home. Property, accommodation. Personal services. 4 Wellington Terrace, Bayswater Road, W.2. Bayswater 7224. Adphones.

"THE Art of Seeing." Readers impressed by Aldous Huxley's account of how his sight was saved by the methods of the late Dr. Bates, the celebrated American oculist and author of "Good Sight Without Glasses," may be interested to know that this technique is practised by the Misses Scarlett (LANgham 3626 and Brighton 52663).

VERSES to order for (almost) any occasion. Moderate charges. Allan M. Laing, 19 Wavertree Nook Rd., Liverpool, 15.

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WRITE for Profit in Spare Time. The Ideal Hobby. Send 2½d. stamp for "Subjects that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and informative prospectus. Regent Institute (D/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

YUGOSLAVIA and Austria: Outstanding opportunity to take a holiday September 11-26. Return air fare £22. Box 229.

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MATHS for Matric., Inter. Rustomjee, 2 Carlingford Rd., N.W.3. HAM. 0210. 6 Rectory Avenue, High Wycombe. H.W. 1436.

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MISCELLANEOUS

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More Classified Adverts. on Pages 217 and 719

Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office, 1928. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by Cornwall Press Ltd., Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1; Published Weekly at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.